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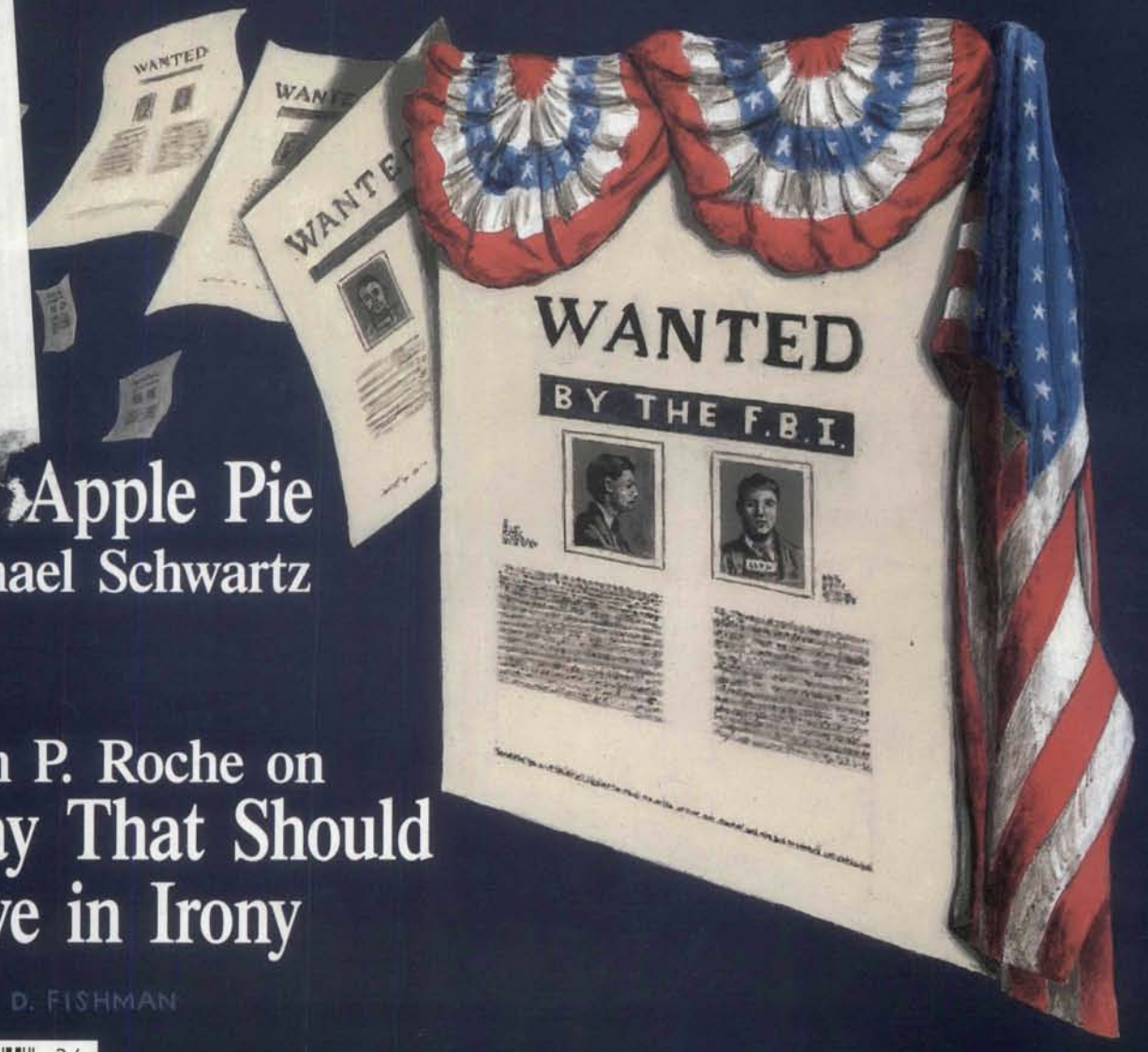

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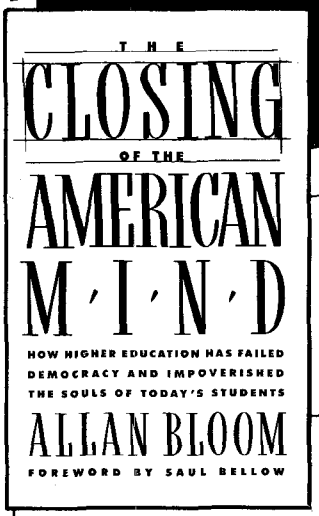

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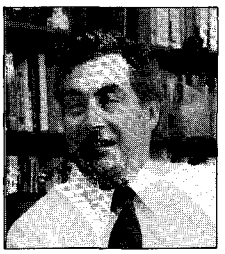
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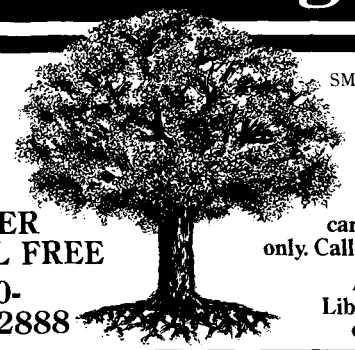

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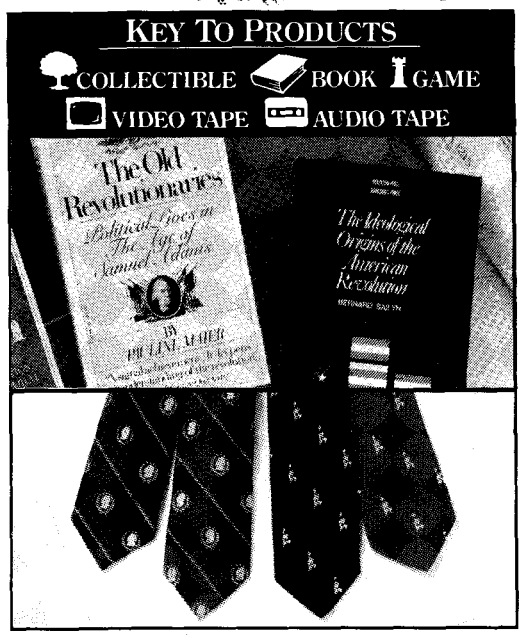

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LETTERS

Suicide of the Right

It has become apparent that the conservative ideology is not as vivid now in the minds of the American people as it was at the time of Mr. Reagan's election. But to say, as Don Hodel does, that "the old liberal coalition has launched an aggressive campaign to convince us that the conservative movement is a thing of the past," does not explain its demise ["Attack of the Killer Pundits," May 27].

The truth is that when the President had the attention and support of the American people, he failed to implement the conservative agenda. He surrounded himself with professional politicians who were not willing to get down in the trenches and fight for the good of the country.

The Admininstration hasn't held firm to its anti-Communist stance, as Mr. Reagan's love affair with Mikhail Gorbachev shows; it hasn't worked all-out to push through judicial nominations, as Mark Cunningham pointed out in "Hanging Judges" [May 27]; and it has failed to use the President's popularity to fill the House and Senate with conservatives. Instead we have seen seven and a half years tainted by scandal.

Stanley Bauman
Union, N.J.

Goetztalt

As president of The Good Samaritans, I probably know more about the Bernhard Goetz case than anyone, including Mr. Goetz himself. I must, therefore, object to some ridiculous statements made by D. Keith Mano in "The Goetz Confession" [May 13]. It is obvious Mr. Mano did not attend the trial and believes a great deal of what he reads in the liberal press.

His contention that Goetz "was luring his persecutors to their death" and the suggestion that he had been rehearsing the incident in his mind is an idea one might easily find in an NAACP press release. In fact, Mr. Goetz was heading downtown to meet some friends when the hoodlums confronted and surrounded *him*. He was not looking for trouble.

Mr. Mano further states, "Goetz doesn't have the kind of well-made mind you could bounce a quarter off." Excuse me, but Goetz's confession was made after nine days on the run and six straight hours of police questioning. Furthermore, there is no critical statement made by Goetz on the tape that is not true. Mr. Mano's assertion that "the tape got Goetz off" is ludicrous. True, the jury dismissed the damaging part of the tape after examination, but the tape was the only obstacle blocking full acquittal.

Furthermore, Mr. Goetz did not see "Ramseur as he saw himself—each victimized by the New York . . . systems." He saw Ramseur as a violent criminal, the antithesis of himself. Finally, Mr. Mano's description of Goetz as an "emblem of the white middle class" sounds like Al Sharpton. Goetz is a symbol of and a hero to crime victims, New York's silent majority.

Frank Borzellieri
Glendale, N.Y.

Kean for Nothing

Henry Klingeman's profile of New Jersey's Governor Tom Kean ["Kean for Veep?" Apr. 15] really missed the mark. Kean is every bit as liberal as any of his Democratic predecessors, a genuine wolf in sheep's clothing, whose disguise is apparently good enough to fool a number of prominent conservatives, including Jack Kemp, Jeff Bell, and of course Mr. Klingeman.

Besides, the real issue is not whether Kean is conservative enough to qualify as VP. A far more likely possibility is Kean's becoming the next Secretary of Education.

Consider the following: Kean's highest priority as governor has been centralizing state authority over school districts via his state takeover measure for districts whose average SAT scores fall below a certain minimum. He has not issued one statement or word of praise for the heroic job Paterson school principal Joe Clark has done. And he is a darling of the New Jersey Education Association and the National Education Association.

What about Governor Kean's fiscal record? Mr. Klingeman fails to mention that while presiding over a $1.2 billion budget surplus, our governor decided to propose substantial increases in social-welfare programs, successfully pushed through a 2.5-cent-a-gallon increase in the state gasoline tax, and spurned calls for (God forbid!) a tax cut. On the contrary, he proposed just this week a repeal of the Ford bill that allows New Jerseyans to deduct part of their proper-

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ty tax from their state income tax. The reason? So he can give more money to "distressed" cities. Under Kean the state budget has almost doubled, with state spending far outpacing either inflation or growth in the economy.

It's bad enough that conservatives have to endure this guy in New Jersey, but it's especially disheartening that the premier conservative publication in the nation fails to alert its readers to the dangerous threat Kean will pose should he obtain higher office.

Angie Lamberton
Springfield, N.J.

Welcome Aboard

In your April 15 issue ["Stand Up for Taxes," "The Week"] you've identified me as an advisor to the presidential campaign of Congressman Richard Gephardt. While all Democratic presidential candidates may look alike to you (no less than advisors of Democratic presidential candidates), the fact of the matter is that I have never advised Richard Gephardt. I have never met Richard Gephardt. But on several occasions during the course of the Democratic primaries I have publicly described Congressman Gephardt's stand on international trade as irresponsible and dangerous.

Robert B. Reich
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

Wrong Data?

Regarding the "Right Data" in the April 15 issue ["The Week"], I really doubt that military pensions are "six times greater than typical private-sector plans." As a retired military man, I also know well how we earned these pensions doing things Mr. Rubenstein and his ilk would never care to do.

I am disgusted that Mr. Rubenstein never faults our government for acting unconstitutionally by spending all the sums of money it does on the "transfer payments" he cites in his editorial. Nowhere in our Constitution does it say the government can spend in this manner.

Protecting the nation is about the only thing the Constitution requires the Federal Government to do. For Rubenstein and others to complain exclusively about military spending is indeed short-sighted. We should all complain loudly about welfare spending, including the Social Security spending that was once declared unconstitutional.

Reducing military pensions would have a very strong detrimental effect on our ability to defend our nation, as even more people would leave the services.

William A. Edwards
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Mr. Rubenstein Replies

There are as many ways of measuring the relative generosity of pension systems as there are forecasts of inflation, earnings, life expectancy, average retirement age, etc. The Grace Commission, using what were considered reasonable values for these variables, found that military personnel retiring at age 39 after twenty years of service, with pre-retirement salaries of $25,000, could expect combined pension and Social Security benefits of $1,072,000 over their remaining lifetime,

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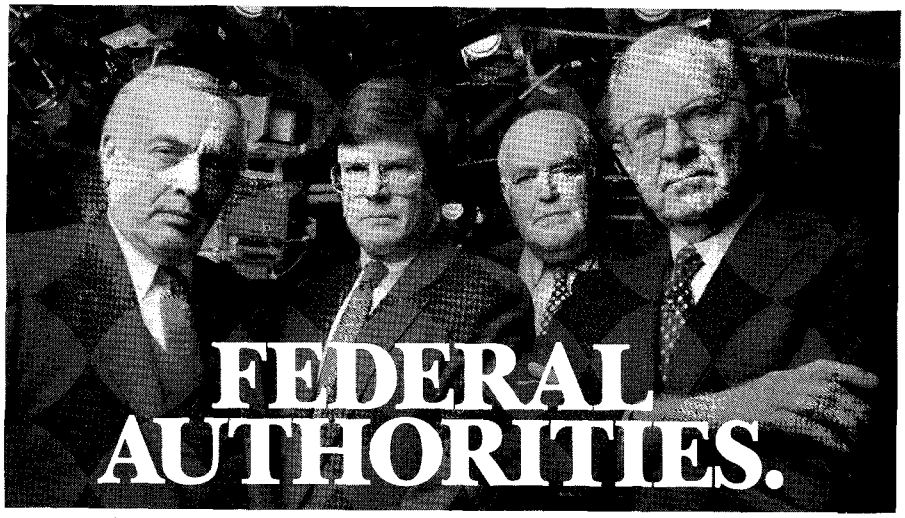

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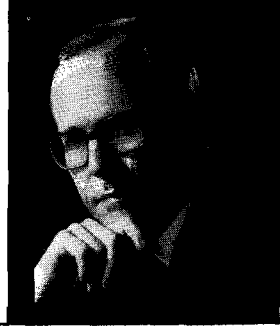

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compared to only $176,000 in such benefits for otherwise equally circumstanced private-sector workers.

What is not subject to dispute, however, is that a) military retirement spending has risen by a factor of 6.5 since 1970 (versus an increase by a factor of 3.6 in weapons procurement over the same period), and b) there is an accrued military-pension liability of at least $440 billion, representing future pension costs for which no funds have been set aside. These are U.S. Government, not Grace Commission, numbers.

It seems likely that more 18-year-olds would be induced to enlist if future retirement benefits were cut while short-term inducements such as higher basic pay were offered. On the other hand, the present system encourages highly trained specialists, such as computer technicians and engineers, to leave the military after twenty years of service, collect their pensions, and transfer their skills to the private sector. Half of all military retirees retire within a year of the twenty-year plateau.

U.S. military personnel deserve generous retirement benefits as compensation for their special service to the country, but the system needs reform.

Ed Rubenstein
New York, N.Y.

Prophet and Loss

In Tom Bethell's article, "Mea Maxima Culpa?" [Apr. 15], he makes the partially self-fulfilling prophecy that the Pope's latest encyclical "will not be taken seriously outside leftist circles." It's only partially fulfilled because, although it's clear that Mr. Bethell does not take John Paul's letter seriously, there are many of us on the Right who do.

Had he taken the encyclical as seriously as its authoritative character demands, Mr. Bethell would surely have analyzed it differently. As it happened, he subjected a work of moral theology to economic analysis (and flawed analysis at that). Mr. Bethell then complains that the Pope is too materialistic. Hmmm. In fact, the encyclical's fundamental message is that economics is not everything, even in development.

But what is more disturbing than any particular objections to the encyclical raised by Mr. Bethell and other conservative Catholics is their attitude toward the teaching. Their comments sound so much like the smug but sniveling criticism of leftists in the Church. Where have we heard these phrases before? "This Pope just doesn't understand America"; "It's because he's Polish"; "The Pope needs to hear more from us." This

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stuff is irritating enough from people who don't feel compelled to follow even the Ten Commandments, but such condescending indocility is much harder to take from men who, like Tom Bethell, ought to know better.

Angela Grimm
Director
The Catholic Center
Washington, D.C.

A Stitch in Time

The product of 12 years of Catholic-school education, I cannot fail to point to perpetuation of a gross and glaring Biblical mis-quote contained in "Reflections during Lent" by D. Keith Mano [Apr. 1], to wit: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a [sic] needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." The accurate quotation of this passage is: "It is easier for a camel to pass through The Eye of the Needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." Notice the salient difference between these two renditions of this famous quotation. It so happens that in the Jerusalem of Christ's time there was a minor gate in the walled city which was called The Eye of the Needle, and was little used since it was extremely narrow and low. It was possible to pass a camel through The Eye of the Needle by removing its entire load of cargo, harness, etc., and inducing it to go through this gate on its knees, with a great deal of physical persuasion. This was an extremely difficult, and, I am sure, rarely attempted undertaking given the well known ill-temper and disposition of camels; but it made the simile exquisitely descriptive and readily understood. This is one of the most cogent and persuasive arguments against private interpretation of the Bible I can think of.

Paul T. Kelly
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Historical Redress

Thank you for the gratifying endorsement of the congressional decision to compensate Japanese-Americans for their internment during World War II ["The Week," May 27]. *NR* advanced the image of conservatism by respecting a truly principled redress of an historic, racially motivated wrong. This decision stands in contrast to the unprincipled program of affirmative action, which is a perfect example of the radical disjunction between the liberal heart and the logical mind.

David W. Harrison
New York, N.Y.

Ooops!

The feature by D. Keith Mano entitled "The Party Line" [Apr. 15] was received with pleasure by the executives at Calaber Communications, especially by its president, Brendan Corrigan.

However, there was one faux pas in the piece. In referring to Mr. Corrigan's alma mater, Mr. Mano incorrectly cited Rockland Community College. Mr. Corrigan is a distinguished graduate of Dominican College, Orangeburg, New York, and is understandably proud of it.

Michael D. Beinner
New York, N.Y.

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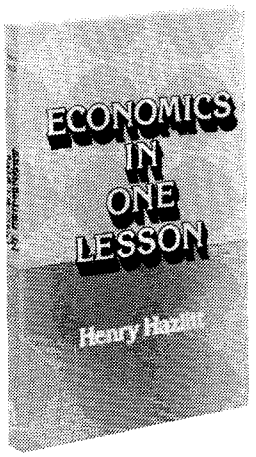
ECONOMICS IN ONE LESSON



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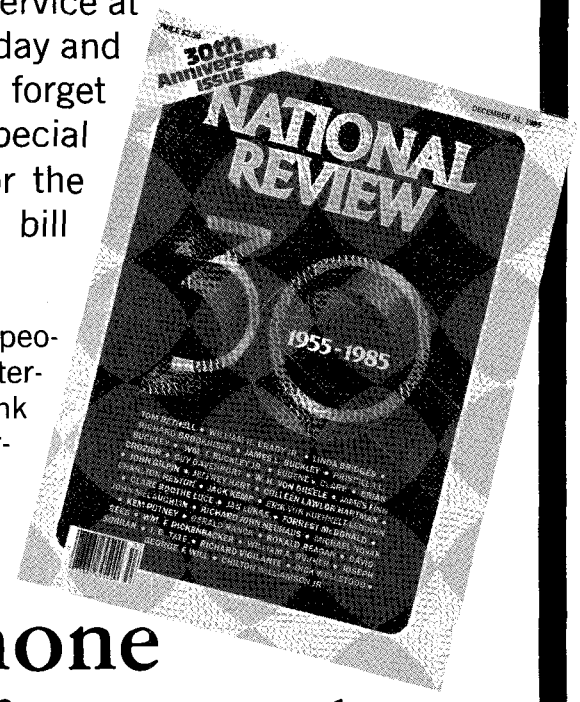

NR makes an ideal gift for hard-to-please people—it's a year-long reminder of your interest (not to mention an indication that you think they are interesting people too). Again, don't forget the young people you care about: conservative ideas are back in style on the campus, so NR should be doubly welcome now.

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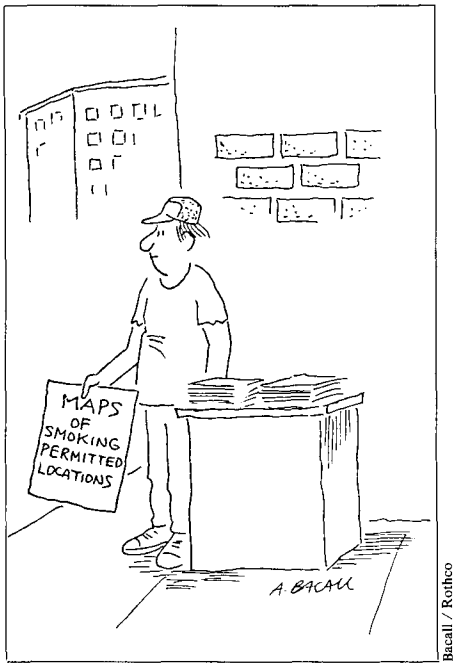
FOR THE RECORD

Gloomy fortnight for the GOP. All recent polls show **Dukakis** now leading **Bush** in most parts of the country, but doing far better against Bush in matchups on a Dukakis-Southerner ticket (**Nunn**, **Gore**) or Dukakis-Midwesterner ticket (**Glenn**) than with **Jesse Jackson** as running-mate. . . . At moment it looks as if Democrats will hold the Senate, perhaps even increase their majority. Sen. **John Kerry** (Mass.), Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee chairman, cautions against overconfidence but says "on paper, things are going well." . . . His opposite number, Sen. **Rudy Boschwitz** (Minn.), admits for Republicans to win they'll have to get all the breaks. . . . **Kevin Phillips**'s late spring soundings: Democrats will emerge with one- to three-seat gain in Senate; five to six House pickups; one or two additional State Houses. . . . Republicans hoped **Reubin Askew**'s decision not to run for Senate in Florida would help. But late polls show Insurance Commissioner **Bill Gunter** ahead of Republican Rep. **Connie Mack**, most likely GOP candidate. . . . In Ohio, Sen. **Howard Metzenbaum** has lengthened his lead over Cleveland Mayor **George Voinovich** to 25 points. . . . In Nebraska, where appointed Republican Sen. **David Karnes** ran strong in GOP primary, he continues to trail popular former Democratic Gov. **Bob Kerrey**. . . . Two conservatives are in New Mexico's Republican primary field June 7: **James "Corky" Morris** (pro-Contra, pro-SDI, pro-strong defense) and former Department of Interior aide **Rick Montoya**. Winner will take on freshman Democrat **Jeff Bingaman**, considered to the left of his New Mexico constituents. (Bingaman not only voted against **Robert Bork**, he also opposed Chief Justice **William Rehnquist**.) . . . In New Jersey, Republican challenger **Pete Dawkins** lost points with GOP loyalists by his overenthusiastic call for **Ed Meese**'s resignation. . . . On gubernatorial front,



Bacall / Rothco

Republicans are shaken by decision of Gov. **John Sununu** of New Hampshire to step down after this term. (Sununu has nine children to put through college.) Candidate of New Hampshire Republican conservatives is Rep. **Judd Gregg**.

Who will be Michael Dukakis's running-mate? Kevin Phillips agrees with George Bush campaign manager **Lee Atwater** that if Dukakis picks a Northern liberal Veep, Bush will win almost all of the South and most of the Border states. . . . Which brings up Sen. Nunn. Nunn is, in **Joseph Sobran**'s phrase, "growing." *Congressional Quarterly* points out that whereas Nunn voted with **Teddy Kennedy**, the liberal's liberal, on only four of 12 key votes in 1984, last year he was with Kennedy on 11 of 14 issues. . . . Jesse Jackson advisor **Ann Lewis** points out approvingly that Nunn's recent pro-abortion votes are part of his "becoming a national Democrat." Still the senator hasn't "grown" enough to satisfy the gay community, viz. the following quote from **Richard Maulsby**, an aide to Washington, D.C., Mayor **Marion Barry**, and a member of the **Gertrude Stein** Club. Nunn, Maulsby told the *News-Sentinel* in Fort Lauderdale, "has a particularly appalling, aggrievously [*sic*] obnoxious, homophobic record." . . . A gay aperçu: **Randy Shilts**, of *San Francisco Chronicle*, identified by *Human Events* as the "leading gay reporter" in the nation, says about Jackson's white vote that in the urban areas "that's the gay vote. It's the untold story of the campaign." . . . Incidentally a Times-Mirror poll last fall indicated that only 9 per cent of Americans support the gay-rights movement while 50 per cent oppose it.

Good-news Dept.: Secretary of the Interior **Donald Hodel** has rejected the recommendation of an advisory committee and granted landmark designation to **Whittaker Chambers**'s Pipe Creek farm in Maryland. He made the announcement in a Heritage Foundation speech. . . . Backers of a euthanasia referendum initiative in California dropped the project when they ran 100,000 votes short on signatures needed to put it on the ballot. . . . Young America's Foundation is setting up National Campaign for an Open Campus, which will act as a clearinghouse for information on harassment of conservative speakers such as **Jeane Kirkpatrick** and **Adolfo Calero**, to name two recent victims of leftist campus rowdies. (For info: write YAF, Suite 808, 11800 Sunrise Valley Drive, Reston, Va. 22091). . . . **Carl Rollyson**'s new biography of **Lillian Hellman** confirms that Miss Hellman was from 1938 to 1940 a member of the Communist Party (so much for her brave "I cannot and I will not cut my conscience to fit this year's fashion" before the House Committee on Un-American Affairs).

Best comment: on kiss-and-tell books, from **Jim Hoagland** of *Washington Post*, "The American Presidency is being ravaged by a bad case of aides," and, on **Larry Speakes**'s revelations, **Margaret Thatcher** press spokesman **Bernard Ingham**, "My wholly frivolous reaction is that nobody in Britain has any need to make up quotes. The press do that for them."

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THE WEEK

☐ A survey sponsored by the House Aging Committee—did you know you pay for a House Aging Committee?—supports the claim of the House Aging Committee that Americans would like someone else to pay their health costs, along the lines suggested by the House Aging Committee.

☐ Economically, happy days aren't here again, they're still here as we enter the 67th month of sustained economic growth, low inflation, and low unemployment, with the trade deficit now sharply down. Jesse Jackson calls this "economic violence."

☐ Fred Barnes of *The New Republic* took a look at Bushonomics recently, and found that it was Reaganomics. Bush's aides, wrote Barnes, "like to say that his views on the economy haven't changed 'significantly' in the White House. But the evidence is that they have." Barnes goes down the list. *Taxes.* Barnes quotes Craig Fuller, Bush's chief of staff. "He's more firm as a result of the last seven-and-a-half years that finding a way to bring new revenues into the system only yields greater spending." Bush took the "tax pledge" not to raise taxes, along with Jack Kemp and Pete du Pont (Dole and Robertson passed). *Capital gains.* Bush wants to lower this tax, from 28 per cent to 15 per cent, to "encourage risk-taking and entrepreneurship" (Bush's words). *Protectionism.* Dole and Robertson raised the protectionist banner in the South Carolina primary; Bush shot at it. "One reason I oppose textile legislation . . . is that I don't want to see retaliation. . . . If you keep on course . . . the best answer is open markets." Barnes ends with a quotation from Arthur Laffer, comparing supply-side economics with Apple Computers, the pioneer company founded by Steve Wozniak, and solidified by John Sculley. "Bush," says Laffer, "is the Sculley of supply-economics."

☐ After the conventions—decrees the conventional wisdom—all nominees move, and should do, toward the center. To frustrate this facile c.w., the American Conservative Union has launched the Committee to Save the Reagan Platform, chaired by Don Devine. Devine told *Human Events* that when the *Wall Street Journal* quotes "an anonymous high Bush campaign official [saying] that conservatives can be ignored because they will have no place else to go in the general election, there is cause for concern." But the group "is not a stop-Bush committee or even an anti-Bush committee. Indeed, it is a pro-Bush committee in that he will need conservative votes in November." As well as conservative grassroots gophering. If Bush will take care of conservatives in New Orleans, Devine is saying, they'll help take care of him in the fall. Right on.

☐ Police in New York made 1,664 arrests during the first week of Operation Rescue, a campaign to prevent abortions by blockading "aborttoirs," as *Lifeletter* calls them. One of those arrested was the New York Giants football star Mark Bavaro, a member of Athletes for Life, who bluntly calls abortion "murder." Albert Moran, head of Planned Parenthood of New York City, inadvertently agreed when he dismissed the effort: "I don't believe they rescued any babies. Women just rescheduled their appointment." *Fetuses*, Moran not *babies*—remember who you're representing! Operation Rescue will continue its mission in other major cities throughout the summer, and presumably beyond.

☐ Our friend Philip Nicolaides, who as deputy director of the Voice of America in 1981 was an early casualty of the drive to purge the Reagan Administration of "ideologues," spots an irony in the current spate of White House memoirs. The books written by the "pragmatists"—the Regans, Bells, Deavers, and Speakeses—have been politically and personally embarrassing to the President. The conservatives who have written memoirs, James Watt and Patrick Buchanan, have remained loyal.

☐ "We are not leaving the shipyard in triumph. We are leaving it with our heads held high." Weary and hungry, some grim, some weeping, the five-hundred-man remnant of the striking workers at the Lenin shipyard in Gdansk marched from the factory gates after a nine-day police siege. They marched behind their chosen symbols: a wooden cross, an icon of the Black Virgin of Czestochowa, pictures of the Pope. They had asked for higher wages and the legalization of Solidarity; they got nothing. By the end, the police were beating and arresting church couriers who were

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And sometimes the Spectator's impact has been immediate: within a week after Fred Barnes's cover story on "Senator Jello" Paul Trible hit the newsstands, the wayward Republican unexpectedly announced he would not run for reelection.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

IT'S SPRINGTIME in Washington, and no one has enough to do. How else explain why those charged with running the country have instead passed one languid May day after another guffawing at the First Family? The most prolonged tittering seems to have emanated from that bastion of probity, Capitol Hill. At one of his daily press conferences, House Speaker Jim Wright, told of the revelations in Donald Regan's book, commented: "I'm just glad he's consulting with somebody." Ho, ho! This was followed by a mindless exchange before the assembled press between the Speaker and House Majority Whip Tony Coelho. (The riposte sparkled with comic gems on the order of: "Well, Mr. Speaker—ha, ha—have you checked your horoscope today—hee, hee—before deciding whether to proceed with that appropriations bill?")

The press chuckled obligingly. They always do when a public figure takes a stab at humor—but you get the idea.

A city that reveled in jokes about the Challenger disaster and the Chernobyl accident ("What's the weather forecast for Chernobyl today? Sunny, 600 degrees.") cannot come up with a truly funny line about astrology and the Reagan Administration. The best—indeed, the only half decent—take-off Cato has heard came from a senior Republican senator the other day: "Hey," he said, "have you heard that the White House has decided to replace 'Hail to the Chief' with 'Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star?' "

Official Washington has so little else to think about these days. The incumbent President is preparing to hand over the keys after seven years in office—no time now, or inclination, to press ahead with bold new legislative initiatives. And, even if the inclination existed, the political ammunition needed to force those initiatives through has been spent in the trench-warfare of the past seven years.

So the government runs, effectively, on cruise-control. Consider the way Washington decided how much of the taxpayer's money to spend during the coming fiscal year, which begins October 1. The coming year's budget was hammered into place last year—all the better to avoid dicey choices in the midst of the election cycle. Earlier this year, the Congress's own, ostensibly non-partisan, Congressional Budget Office reported that the annual federal budget deficit was actually going to be a lot bigger than everyone thought—thus, by law, necessitating tax increases and/or spending cuts to bring the deficit back in line. So Democrats and Republicans closed ranks and, in an atmosphere of rare bipartisan accommodation, deep-sixed the CBO study.

Some problems won't go away. The INF Treaty, signed by President Reagan and Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev last December, was supposed to be a sure thing for Senate approval. Who could argue with a treaty that eliminated a whole class of ground-based missiles, right?

Wrong. The treaty's ostensible supporters in the Senate, led by Senate Armed Services Committee chairman Sam Nunn, started raising a number of objections. It all started to get a little sticky when—fortunately for Nunn—the Soviets began backing out of some previously agreed-to verification arrangements, thus precipitating genuine doubts about the treaty's future. Those doubts seem to be settled now, however, and the cliffhanger on the INF Treaty is only whether the wheels of the Senate will spin fast enough to allow the treaty to be ratified in time for the Moscow Summit.

Congressional sluggishness has its price. At last count, there were 25 federal judicial vacancies for which the President had made no nominations and 25 nominations held up in the Senate Judiciary Committee. A massive trade bill, three years in the making, is about to go by the boards—in part because many members of Congress just don't want to go to the trouble of putting together a bill that President Reagan would sign. Dozens of executive-branch positions are unfilled.

In Central America, Nicaragua's ruling Sandinistas are testing the limits of Congress's tolerance: cracking down on political opposition, fettering the press, backpedaling ever so slightly on the terms of the ceasefire signed with Contra leaders. They seem likely to find that congressional tolerance has almost no limits in this election year, when many Republicans and nearly all Democrats view support for the Contras as a political liability. Says one House Democratic leadership aide: "We just have to hold out for a little bit longer and we're home free."

—CATO

---

trying to smuggle in food. The five hundred men marched to St. Brygida's Church, where the priest told them, during the Mass of thanksgiving, "Be proud of your fight, and don't stop fighting for the rights of Polish workers." Their heads were held high.

□ Fundamental mistakes in Soviet military policy are particularly evident in Angola where, in recent fighting against UNITA in "favorable" dry weather in the southern part of the country, the Russians lost three whole battalions commanded by a highly reputed Soviet general. UNITA is a widespread and well-organized guerrilla movement which has been fighting against the Marxist government in Angola and its Soviet and Cuban allies for almost a decade. With air support from the South African air force, UNITA routed the biggest offensive mounted against it so far, in a textbook demonstration of the uselessness of European heavy-equipment tactics in that kind of typical Third World terrain. The situation has led the Angolan government to acknowledge that its efforts to control its own territory have failed. The other day its representatives were present at a "peace" conference in London attended also by Cuba, South Africa, and the Soviet Union. That first session of the conference didn't get anywhere. But it was an official admission on the part of Luanda and its allies that negotiations with the anti-Communist UNITA leaders is now the only possible next step—a step desired, incidentally, by the United States.

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Running against Carter

Though FDR bashed Herbert Hoover
Straight through 1944,
As Bush attempts the same maneuver,
Crowds don't seem to cry, "Encore!"

W. H. VON DREELE

☐ The pull-out of Soviet troops from Afghanistan is the latest and most dramatic blow to Moscow's bankrupt policy of limited military initiatives in the Third World. The defeat of the Soviet army, with all its tanks, aircraft, armored troop carriers, and the rest, follows on or coincides with similar debacles in Angola and Eritrea, where recent photographs of Russian armor burning in the tropical scrub provide a topic for meditation by long-term recipients of Soviet military aid in Africa. The Gorbachev government is attributing these calamities to the mistakes of previous regimes—those of Brezhnev, Andropov, and former Defense Minister Dmitri Ustinov, none of whom is any longer around to talk back. The Kremlin has in fact seemed anxious to move into a new phase, heralded as *globalistika*, a policy that would veer away from the practice of sending forth heavily armed but inflexibly committed expeditions to assist, rather too mightily, the local Marxist-Leninist irregulars. Instead, military experts are said to be interested in self-contained, highly organized, and locally based operations somewhat on the model of Western "colonial" wars of thirty years ago.

☐ Members of a group called "Free at Last" were arrested.

☐ Margaret Mitchell's heirs have authorized a novelist named Alexandra Braid Ripley to write a sequel to *Gone with the Wind*. No word yet on who will do *Finnegans Wake II*.

☐ A bill has been introduced in Congress (yes, ours) to colonize outer space, i.e., outside the ears, i.e., where congressmen do their thinking.

☐ See if you can pick out the word that doesn't fit in the following list: Meese Meese Meese Meese Meese Meese Meese Meese Meese Meese Wright Meese Meese Meese Meese Meese Meese Meese Meese.

The correct answer is "Wright," the surname of the Speaker of the House, James C. Wright Jr. The other words are all the surname of the Attorney General, Edwin Meese III. The questionable financial dealings of one of these men have been the subject of criminal investigation, intense media coverage, and high indignation on Capitol Hill. See if you can guess which one.

Don and Ron And Nancy and Joan

WHATEVER YOU THINK of Don Regan for writing That Book, there it is. Like the bomb that landed on Hiroshima, it has changed the landscape, while moralism limps behind.

Regan denies any vindictive motive. He says he simply wanted to tell his version, and his book does have a matter-of-fact tone, for all the explosiveness of the data. The President understandably experiences it as an attack on the First Lady; still, the accuracy of the astrology charges isn't denied, and she continues to consult her soothsayer. (Interesting constitutional question: Would it violate the free-exercise clause of the First Amendment to require that court astrologers be approved by the Senate?)

Even if everything in Regan's book is true, there's more than one way to read it. You can see Nancy Reagan as a meddling, superstitious busybody; or you can see her as a devoted wife whose worries for her husband's safety became obsessive after his near-murder. It was in 1981 that Joan Quigley persuaded her that the stars could have predicted that March 30 of that year would be a moment of acute danger for Ronald Reagan.

But though this may do as an excuse for Mrs. Reagan, it doesn't go far as a defense of astrology. The First Lady should be asking Miss Quigley some tough questions, such as why the stars didn't warn her about Don Regan.

Fraternal Twins

TOUGH luck that Kim Philby died just when he did. He led a charmed life, in contrast to Alger Hiss, the intended effect of whose new memoir was spoiled by the timing of Philby's death.

In *Recollections of a Life*, Hiss has another go at the Woodstock typewriter, yes, but mostly he invokes names and phrases that will emotionally confirm his innocence for a suitably . . . *progressive*, shall we say? . . . readership. He conjurs up Richard Nixon, all "opportunism and ambition"; J. Edgar Hoover, "one of the most evil men in American public life"; and Whittaker Chambers, "a possessed man," "a psychopath," and "a closet homosexual" (though for today's progressive readers, the damning accent should be on "closet"). The three men constitute "an unholy trinity bound together by the theology of anti-Communism."

Theology, in Hiss's lexicon, means superstition, fantastic doctrine. The suggestion is that these oppor-

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Catastrophic Failure

THE *Washington Post* recently ran a front-page story on SDI with the headline CATASTROPHIC FAILURE LIKELY IF EVER USED. The *Post* was reporting faithfully on a study of SDI software prospects by the Congressional Office of Technology Assessment (OTA), which advises Congress on technical issues relating to public policy. In a White House briefing, General Abrahamson, director of SDIO, called the report's conclusions "nonsensical," according to the *Post*. Why did the normally affable general use such strong language?

Actually, the facts about SDI software are encouraging. Original estimates, four or five years ago, cited a need for up to 100 million lines of code. But now, after some serious study, General Abrahamson said in congressional testimony that only four to six million lines will be needed. Of that, less than two million lines suffice for the most important part of the defense—the boost phase, which shoots down ICBMs as they rise into the air, before they have deployed their deadly warheads. That is, relatively speaking, a snap.

It is easy to confirm that a few million lines of code are sufficient for the critical boost-phase defense. Software requirements for battle management of missile defense divide into a number of discrete packages, each dealing with a separate function. One package covers situation assessment (*Is an attack underway? What kind of attack? Directed at which targets?*); another calculates the tracks of enemy ICBMs; still another calculates the timing and direction for the release of the "smart bullet." Other software packages control the spin-up of the gyros which keep the satellite platform steady or change its direction, and still others do satellite housekeeping and station-keeping. Finally, one package operates the programs for self-defense.

How daunting is two million lines of code? A famous SDI experiment in 1986, called the Delta 180, required one million lines of code. The Delta 180 programs involved tracking rockets in space, maneuvering to intercept targets in space, and homing in on the targets to destroy them by collision. These are the same programs needed for boost-phase defense in SDI. Yet the million lines of code were written in six months and worked perfectly in their first trial. One begins to see why General Abrahamson was incensed by the OTA study.

The OTA was also worried about how the software could be tested short of war; but as the Marshall Institute Panel on Missile Defense has pointed out, "software is the one thing that *can* be tested. When signals are fed into the front end of the program, they look exactly the same to it regardless of whether they have been produced by a Soviet missile leaving its silo or by a piece of equipment that generates signals imitating the real thing."

It is a pity that General Abrahamson's staff issued a politely laudatory release on the OTA study, instead of telling the public why he regarded the OTA report's conclusions as "nonsensical."

tunists and psychos dreamed up the whole idea of Communist spies.

Cut to: Kim Philby, urbanely puffing his cigarettes at a Moscow café, telling his half-admiring Western interviewers he would do it all over again, "absolutely." Philby had roughly the same privileged background as Hiss, with the difference that fate privileged him too. He was luckier even in being more unequivocally caught in his betrayal: knowing there was no point in risking a trial, he fled to Russia, there to claim a new set of privileges, including the Order of Lenin. He never had to protest his innocence or whine that he'd been framed.

Poor Hiss. Instead of the Order of Lenin, a lousy life as a greeting-card salesman, relieved only by Watergate *Schadenfreude*. And even his mendacious summary of his mendacious life has been undermined by the coincidental end of Philby's life. How that drab old hypocrite must envy Philby's naughty glamor.

Jackson Rocks Steady

AFTER the last month and a half of losses, no combination of homestretch victories can possibly put Jesse Jackson over the top in Atlanta. This is the half-empty-glass view of the Jackson effort—and, in simple arithmetical terms, it has been the only sensible view to take all along. For good reasons (his wispy qualifications and his wild-man view of the world) and bad reasons (his race), it was simply inconceivable that Jesse Jackson could be nominated for President in 1988.

But consider the half-full-glass view. It is Jesse Jackson who is pacing the front-runner all the way to the finish line—not Albert Gore or Richard Gephardt (just as Jackson, not John Glenn or Ernest Hollings, dogged Mondale and Hart four years ago). Jackson will be a presence at the convention, and a force in the party for the next four years.

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Jackson improved his electoral performance this time around by completing his monopoly on the black vote (which he had shared, to a degree, with Walter Mondale in 1984), and by broadening his appeal to hard-line white liberals. This is a compact and fairly distinct base, not enough ever to secure him a nomination.

But it is enough to give him a platform for his message, which is a steady tug to the left. It may take the form of platform pressure. The Democratic platform, said Jackson's spokesman at the platform committee's first hearing, "must not be [a] generalized statement of principles. . . . We've got to raise taxes . . . on those who have benefited most from the Reagan tax breaks. . . . You can't talk about meeting human needs without the money."

Mac, *London Daily Mail* / Rothco

"One moment! We have reason to believe that your sister's first husband once shook the hand of someone who lived next door to a person who was seen running for a bus in South Africa!"

More significant is the mere presence of Jackson himself, who recently denied that he was pushing Dukakis. "I'm pulling him. I'm in front on a plan to stop the flow of drugs. I'm pulling him. On a plan to build affordable housing, I am pulling him. On a plan to define South Africa as a terrorist state, I am pulling him."

The pull will continue, throughout the campaign and the Dukakis Administration, if there is one. Jackson's effect on his party is like the influence exerted by bewhiskered nineteenth-century Yankees on the hero of a John P. Marquand novel: stern, monitory, inescapable. Except that Jackson is alive, young, and full of beans. Dukakis should get used to it. It will be part of his political future, as long as he has a future.

Dukakis and the Homosexuals

MICHAEL DUKAKIS spoke in Los Angeles a week ago to a meeting of homosexual activists, and the headlines told it all—or seemed to. GAY ACTIVISTS CONFRONT DUKAKIS (*Washington Post*). DUKAKIS IS QUESTIONED BY GAY RIGHTS GROUPS (*New York Times*). The careless reader will get an impression—an impression the Dukakis campaign will not wish to dispel—that there is some tension here, some running conflict; that Dukakis does not sit well with radical homosexuals, and vice versa.

Anyone who has followed Dukakis's career for the last 15 years—or the reader who reads to the end of the stories—will know there is more to it. Dukakis's disagreements with a fringe of the homosexual movement stem from a decision he made as governor to give preference, in placing foster children, to "heterosexual couples" (strange phrase, when one thinks about it) with child-rearing experience.

This is his lone deviation, as Jean O'Leary, executive director of the National Gay Rights Advocates, recognizes. "We have in Mike Dukakis a candidate who is instinctively supportive," O'Leary told the meeting, "who has a good record on gay rights issues, who wants our support, and who can win. . . . Let's stop comparing Michael Dukakis with Jesse Jackson and start comparing him with George Bush."

Bush handlers, take note—and return the favor.

Drug Demagoguery

BOTH THE Senate and the House, by huge margins, have passed legislation described by the *Washington Post* as "the most mindless" yet in "this admittedly still-young election year." Whipped up by war-on-drugs rhetoric, Congress has at last found a role for American military power: intercepting, by air and sea, incoming drug shipments.

The pilots and the sailors will of course take their orders, and they will intercept some yachts and some planes along our southern coastline, but the Defense Department doesn't like it for a minute. The vast effort required, the Pentagon thinks, is bound to fail. The War on Drugs, the War in Vietnam, the War on Poverty—these all have had something in common: the absence of a coherent and reasonable strategy. The military believe that drug policing will divert their assets from their proper role around the world, and that these assets are already stretched thin. They argue that the drug traffic is like quicksilver and will flow in through countless unpluggable openings. →

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Spreading False Witness

JOHN SHEPHERD IS out of the headlines now and must surely be grateful. On April 5 of this year, Attorney General Edwin Meese offered Mr. Shepherd the post of Deputy Attorney General. Mr. Shepherd said he would take the job. But over the next two weeks the St. Louis lawyer and former president of the American Bar Association was transformed into a piece of media fodder by stories repeating lurid allegations about his private life. On April 20 Mr. Shepherd gave up, saying that the strain on his family had become intolerable.

The allegations, of which Mr. Shepherd had already informed Mr. Meese, came from a woman publicly identified as a pathological liar. Nevertheless, the charges spread through major news organizations seemingly unable to stop themselves.

On March 17, 29-year-old Denise Sinner (yes) was convicted of stealing $147,000 from Mr. Shepherd's law firm, where she had been a bookkeeper. She had written checks to herself for such items as a car and a fur coat. Her defense was that Mr. Shepherd had encouraged her to write the checks because the two were having an affair. The jury did not buy her line of reasoning and found her guilty. As one of the prosecutors in the case put it affectionately, "I've been a prosecutor for 16 years, and she's one of the worst liars that I've seen come down the pike."

The day Mr. Shepherd's selection was announced, the news reports on Miss Sinner began. The first ones were careful. As the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* story said, "Sinner presented no evidence or witnesses to support her allegations."

The next day's UPI story took a different tone. "A former bookkeeper convicted of embezzlement . . . reiterated her charges," went the lead. Miss Sinner, it continued, "was found guilty last month . . . but is appealing the conviction." The way UPI's sentences were put together suggested that the verdict was somehow still open.

The *Post-Dispatch* then ran a front-page story saying the defense planned to appeal on grounds that key evidence had been excluded and that "four or five jurors," according to defense counsel, "had told him they believed that Miss Sinner had an affair with Shepherd." The story also printed the disclaimer that Miss Sinner had produced "little" evidence to support her accusations. The next day the charges were a banner headline in the *New York Daily News*, and two days after that the *Post-Dispatch* in turn reported the *Daily News* headline.

The action soon moved to the Hill. "This could be another Ginsburg," chortled a Senate Judiciary Committee staffer to the *Legal Times*. Within ten days came reports that Mr. Shepherd would withdraw because of the "tremendous pressure" of the publicity. The *Washington Post* accounted for this pressure by saying that Mr. Shepherd was under fire for belonging to all-white and all-male social clubs and for "unspecified 'other problems.' "

It was quite true that some people objected to Mr. Shepherd's club memberships. But the memberships by themselves would not have stymied confirmation. No, it was the "unspecified 'other problems' " that were killing the Shepherd candidacy. The *Post* was exercising self-discipline in not talking explicitly about the Sinner controversy. But by this time not mentioning the controversy only served to produce an article that was unintelligible.

As Mr. Shepherd's withdrawal grew certain, news accounts explained that he had been selected "without customary White House clearance and FBI background checks." An FBI check before the selection, these stories suggested, would have turned up information that would or should have kept him from being named.

On the day Mr. Shepherd withdrew, the *Post-Dispatch* reported that it had investigated Miss Sinner's account of her own background and found nearly every part of it a fabrication. Ten days later, a judge sentencing Miss Sinner took the occasion to say, "Probation is out of the question. . . . You are in trouble because you are a pathological liar."

Some social anxieties are age-old and some are specific to certain eras. People have always dreaded the cold-bloodedly false accuser, unreachable by conventional appeals to conscience, ruining lives at will. Miss Sinner is in this sense a perennial occupant of the dark parts of the human imagination. Not for nothing is the prescription against bearing false witness right up there in the top ten. It is no accident that our whole court system pays such central attention to rules of evidence.

By contrast, "Kafkaesque" is the word for one of the most pervasive specifically modern nightmares. In this nightmare, we find ourselves in the clutches of an organizational machine we can not control or in-

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fluence. We have been declared dead by an agency computer and cannot get ourselves brought back to life; a credit bureau has declared us an incorrigible deadbeat and will not admit its mistake.

The Shepherd case has the instructive property of combining these two nightmares. The first nightmare, the ordeal of false connection, is ended by the rigors of a jury trial. Then the charges are resurrected by a press machine that seems incapable of not repeating and magnifying falsehoods.

News organizations tried in this case not to print specific statements that were false. But the problem lay deeper. The Sinner charges had in several official ways been declared lies. No new evidence had emerged to reopen this issue. Yet reprinting the charges, even with a denial or contradictory evidence tacked on, gave them the added credence of having appeared in national media and helped them spread. News organizations were certainly within their legal rights to print news of the Shepherd trial, but the moral question remains: Was anything revealed at this trial, decided as unambiguously as it was, important to the public's consideration of Mr. Shepherd for his Justice Department post? If it was not, what was the reason for the story?

When ethics legislation is debated these days, some pro-legislation partisans habitually scoff at the idea that the current suspicious atmosphere in Washington is driving people out of government service. These advocates say people will come to Washington for the same reasons they always have, increased scrutiny or no.

The Shepherd case is a piece of clear evidence to the contrary. And if prospective government appointees must assume that they, too, will be helpless in circumstances like Mr. Shepherd's, there simply can not be any reasonable doubt that more and more of them will decide to stay home.

Then there is the added problem that fighting forces are not trained in police techniques, but are trained to shoot and kill and have never heard of *Miranda*.

It was a bad idea whose time had come, probably under the auspices of Jesse Jackson, who has proclaimed drugs to be the *real* enemy of our national security. When Robert Walpole heard the London church bells ringing to celebrate the onset of the War of Jenkins's Ear, the aging prime minister remarked, "They're ringing the bells now, but soon they'll be wringing their hands." He was correct.

Mick Freedman

The following, a splendid example of Young Exuberance, appeared as an editorial—we learn that its author is William Grace, '90—last week, in the conservative Dartmouth Review. *The introductory material explains the context. President Freedman of Dartmouth is associated with the movement to impute racism to the editors of the* Dartmouth Review, *three of whom were suspended from college recently as punishment for insufficient docility to the proposition that in order for the community not to be racist, it must allow a black professor with impunity to loll about a class on music as if it were a course on scatology. The editorial is a fine metaphor against wage and price controls. Suppress wage and price levels here, and they pop up—there! Enjoy.*

IN AN APRIL 26 article, the *Dartmouth Review* reported that President Freedman had drawn "record crowds" during his Midwestern speaking tour. College News Service chief Alex Huppe was quoted as the source of the report. He added, with customary precision, "President Freedman's remarks on teaching a diversity of cultures, and his ideas and vision, have caught people's interest. The president has extraordinary popularity among the members of the alumni clubs that he visited."

According to *Review* sources, Mr. Huppe considerably understated the tenor of alumni response to Freedman. What follows is a report from the *Review*'s Chicago correspondent:

Chicago, Ill.—President James O. Freedman of Dartmouth College spoke before fifty thousand wildly cheering Dartmouth alumni at a packed Wrigley Field stadium on Monday. Surrounded by burly bodyguards, the novice Ivy League prexie waded through a densely packed crowd of admirers and well-wishers to a podium bristling with microphones.

As the giant scoreboard flashed "Jimmy O.," Freedman pranced across the stadium stage waving genially to the fans, who gave him a forty-minute standing ovation. Mr. Freedman was clad in a green sequined

Umbilically Speaking

That cord still binding George to Ron
Was nice to see in days long gone,
  But it's a crime
If someone doesn't take a shears
And snip it till it disappears,
  While there's still time.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Undertaxed or Overspent?

DURING THE 192 years before Inauguration Day, 1981, the Federal Government accumulated $914 billion in debt. The national debt is now more than $2.6 trillion, and is still rising by over $125 billion each year. Many see this as prima facie evidence of the failure of Reaganomics, which had claimed, among other things, that we could cut tax rates without increasing the deficit.

Was it all pure voodoo? A historical perspective is helpful:

Federal Taxes, Spending, and Deficits as a Percentage of GNP

	Revenues	Outlays	Surplus or (Deficit)
1960	18.3%	18.2%	0.1%
1970	19.5	19.8	(0.3)
1980	19.4	22.1	(2.7)
1987	19.4	22.8	(3.4)

Increased outlays account for the entire rise in the deficit since 1980. Despite the sharp cut in tax rates (the top marginal rate went from 70 per cent in 1980 to 38.5 per cent in 1987), total revenues as a percentage of GNP remained exactly the same in both years. Tax receipts averaged 18.2 per cent of GNP during the 1960s (when the top income tax rate was as high as 90 per cent), 18.3 per cent during the 1970s, and 18.8 per cent since 1980.

To blame tax reductions for the rise in national debt is tantamount to blaming them for increased spending relative to GNP. We might want to assign full blame for this to Congress, but that also would be wrong. Relatively uncontrollable factors such as interest rates and the business cycle play a large role and, in fact, are responsible for 80 per cent of the 1987 deficit according to a Treasury study released last October. Less than 20 per cent (only $29.4 billion) of the deficit is due to imbalances in fiscal policy.

Of course, the economic impact of persistently large deficits may be the same no matter what their source. Nobel laureate James Buchanan argues that every dollar of debt incurred to finance consumption represents a net reduction in the nation's future wealth.

But not all federal spending is for consumption: outlays for dams, highways, hospitals, weapons procurement, and other physical assets came to over $102 billion in 1987, according to the Office of Management and Budget. An additional $24 billion of federal funds was transferred to states and localities to support their capital projects, and federal loans to the private sector accounted for another $30 billion. In toto these capital investments represented 15.5 per cent of all federal outlays last year.

The benefits from these investments will redound to future generations of Americans. Debt finance insures that future generations will also bear some of the costs.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

jumpsuit. When alumni finally retook their seats, Freedman put a microphone to his lips and whispered "otherness." Instantly, thousands of women in the crowd screamed, and several dozen fainted. Alert paramedics rushed to the aid of those members of the audience overcome by awe. The president and his bodyguards then departed the stage and ran for the safety of a black Lincoln. Women and photographers pressed against the vehicle's windows and fell haplessly to the ground as the limousine sped off.

Earlier in the day, ecstatic wives of Dartmouth Alumni Club members had rushed the dais during a luncheon at Chez Paul, a three-star restaurant long considered one of Chicago's finest. "I just wanted a piece of his hair . . . or his suit," said one lovestruck Dartmouth wife.

Freedman will speak in Detroit tomorrow at the Silverdome.

In a minor by-play to the day's events, a Dartmouth '72 was found to be in possession of a *Wall Street Journal* newspaper during the customary prespeech frisk at the stadium gates. The alumnus was transported to Cook County General Hospital and treated for minor bruises and lacerations prior to being released.

What's Next for France?

IN THE fastest turnaround permitted by the constitution, the people of France will troop back to the polls on June 5 and June 12 to choose a new Chamber of Deputies. François Mitterrand, emboldened by his smashing victory over Jacques Chirac a month ago, hopes, if not to get a majority of deputies in the new Assembly, at least to swell the Socialist ranks so that it will be the dominant party in the new legislature.

President Mitterrand's first gesture upon re-election was conciliatory. He chose as prime minister Michel

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Some Like It Short

The Democrats, who used to like
  Their platforms planked with issues till
Each special interest was assured
  It didn't need a codicil,
Would like to hold the document
  To several paragraphs or less,
But so far, howls suggest it won't
  Be Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.

W. H. VON DREELE

Rocard—a Socialist, but not a socialist. He believes in the free market and was highly critical of the socialist nostrums Mitterrand tried following his election in 1981 but, after two disastrous years, abandoned. "Efficiency and flexibility come only from the market," Rocard told the *Wall Street Journal* in a recent in-depth interview. With Rocard, Mitterrand hoped to forge an alliance with French centrists, the group headed by former President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. But those overtures were rejected; center politicians were not ready to enter a coalition government that would leave their erstwhile ally Jacques Chirac and his Gaullist Rally for the Republic in the lurch, in opposition along with the minuscule Communist Party on the left and the boisterous and irresponsible Le Penistes on the far right.

So François Mitterrand is taking his case back to the people. France voted for Mitterrand in May not because he was a Socialist but because he offered the country tranquillity and continuity, government without tension; because, too, it no longer feared a popular front with the Communists. It's a gamble. Will Mitterrand's diluted neo-socialism translate into votes for individual Socialist candidates?

Robert Heinlein, R I P

IN 1934, tuberculosis forced Lieutenant Robert Heinlein to abandon his naval career, five years after graduating (twentieth in his class) from Annapolis. In 1939, he took up writing science fiction to pay off a mortgage. But when the mortgage was paid off, he found he couldn't stop writing. He kept on for another forty-odd years, hitting the *New York Times*'s best-seller list six times and publishing his last book on his eightieth birthday. Over sixty of his titles are still in print, in a dozen languages; over forty million copies have been sold.

TV reporters noted mostly the passing of Robert Heinlein the inventor of the waterbed. Heinlein also invented a few new words ("free-fall," "astrogation," "waldo," and "grok" among others), contributed to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, and served as a major consultant to General Daniel Graham on *High Frontier*, the seminal work on SDI. Mostly he wrote.

His was a fiction of ideas, and the critics hated those ideas, deriding *Starship Troopers*, for example, for "glorifying the military." To these critics he finally replied: "I hope I accomplished [just] that. . . . The poor bloody mudfoot, the infantryman who for centuries put his frail body on the line for home, loved ones—and for the critics who often outlive him—needs some glorifying. That's the least I can do." He loved his country and its ideals; as one character tells a Vietnam veteran in *Glory Road*, the U.S.A. "has a system free enough to let its heroes work at their trade. It should last a long time—unless its looseness be destroyed from inside."

He saw the flaws in his country with hard, clear vision. Television ("almost as damaging to the country as drugs"); education ("we are now in the second generation of illiteracy—the blind lead the blind"); the retreat from Vietnam ("a scandalous disaster"); and elite morale ("nowadays elites are supposed to apologize for the privilege of rewarding the common man").

For a political innocent growing up in a liberal family in the Massachusetts of Kennedy and Dukakis, there were few books around that really made one think. Most of them were written by Robert Anson Heinlein. —MARK CUNNINGHAM

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am an unabashed bleeding-heart liberal but am independent enough to want to read the very best in current conservative political thinking—thus my subscription (OK, so it is a gift from my father, but he knows I read *NR*). Accolades aside, I beseech you to *not* sell my name to any other organizations, companies, etc. In all seriousness, I have chosen to read *one* conservative newsmagazine, so their efforts are a waste of time, money, and those precious resources we liberals care so much about.

Sincerely,
Kevin Holladay
Grand Canyon, Ariz.

Dear Mr. Holladay: It's a deal. *However*, you should know that, although NATIONAL REVIEW hugs on tightly to its active list, expires *are* sold, as is the universal practice. The only way absolutely to defend yourself from importunities from other conservative organizations is to renew and renew and renew. We have a lifetime rate of $1,000. Christmas present from your dad? Cordially, WFB

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Mr. Secretary, we have just received our first major order from the Soviets. They want to purchase 240 million lengths of heavy rope.
Special Going-Out-Of-Business Sale
Credit Officer
Shelton
Your Commerce Department at work.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

To begin, I should like to congratulate you on the REVIEW, which is a spring of water in this ever drier and thirstier land of left-wing, West-bashing, counter-any-type-of-culture media.

Also, I would like a word or two of encouragement for a would-be editor considering conceiving and bringing to term a bouncing baby quarterly journal of ideas in South Florida. As the proud papa of the REVIEW, is it worth the trauma of birth and raising?

I am,

Cordially yours,
Martha McClendon
Boca Raton, Fla.

Dear Miss McClendon: Most definitely. You may have trouble with it when it reaches puberty, but don't let it give you any lip, and if it threatens to run away from home, cut it off without a cent. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In the Hamerhaus Sandwich Shop in Redwood City, California, the "William Buckley special" consists of the following: "Savvy salami, testy tomato, and literate lettuce on a crusty onion roll with seeds."

You will have noticed the glaring omission, I'm sure: there is no ham in your sandwich, Mr. Buckley.

A hungry fan,
David Albert
Foster City, Calif.

Dear Mr. Albert: Well, stick some in! Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Your "warning" on the cover of the March 4 issue of *NR* reminds me of a statement made by none other than David A. Stockman in his book, *The Triumph of Politics*:

> The fact is, politicians can be a menace. They never stop inventing illicit enterprises of government that bleed the national economy. Their social uplift and pork barrel is wasteful; it reduces our collective welfare and wealth. The politicians rarely look ahead or around. Two years and one congressional district is the scope of their horizon.

While Stockman writes in a different context than your warning, nonetheless he confirms your caveat. Or, is it that you confirm his?

Cordially,
Alton F. Olsen
Mountaintop, Pa.

Dear Mr. Olsen: The first. We were saying that back when David was a leftie-pacifist. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

You have a double. I am your double. People come up to me and ask: "Pardon me, are you William Buckley?" My reply: "No, but I read NATIONAL REVIEW and share his views." Then they usually say something complimentary or not so complimentary.

Admittedly, my reply displays little imagination—but then, having been educated at MIT, my forte is with numbers and equations, and not with words and sentences. Can you suggest a reply more responsive to the subject in question?

Yours truly,
Raymond F. Ortler
Chelmsford, Mass.

Dear Mr. Ortler: Uh, how about, "There's *got* to be more than one of him, isn't that obvious?" Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In deference to the homily that we should at least try to counter the more fanciful flights of our individual prejudices and biases, I subscribed last year to NATIONAL REVIEW as a suitable buffering of my long time addiction to *The Nation*. I had about decided that the hyperbole of the Left is generally more entertaining than that of the Right, and that my subscription to *NR* might have been a waste, when along comes Professor Harry Jaffa and his splendid critique of "Judge Bork's Mistake" in your March 4 issue. Hyperbole somehow aside, Professor Jaffa crystallized in reason much of the doubt that troubled my own thoughts about Judge Bork. With such gems in the offing, I must reconsider my inclination to view *NR* as just another Viguerie handout.

Respectfully,
Julian E. Merris Jr.
Ventura, Calif.

Dear Mr. Merris: It is worth a great deal to family, friends, and country to cause you to reconsider your inclinations. Yours cordially, **—WFB**

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A BOOK LIKE THIS ONE DOESN'T COME ALONG VERY OFTEN . . .

. . . and when it does, you wouldn't expect to be able to get this handsome, big (almost 500 pages!) collection of the best of Bill Buckley—selling in bookstores for a stiff $19.95—for a mere $1.95, but that's exactly what you can do if you take advantage of this special offer right now by using the card facing this page without delay (you know, now).

It's been seven long years since a new collection of Bill Buckley's best articles and unusual pieces has been published (it must have been some job for Editor Richard Brookhiser to put together this fine selection), but it's now available to you for just $1.95, if you will take us up on this special new-or-renewal offer.

And **Right Reason** is an unusual collection, a literary roller-coaster ride over matters great (mostly) and small, often amusing (for instance, WFB's between-the-eyes shot at Hugh Hefner's **Playboy**). There's a whole section on Ronald Reagan, some memorable columns about Nicaragua—**Right Reason** is crammed full of fascinating stuff on everything from Soviet "newsmen" on the Ted Koppel show to essays on the harpsichord and peanut butter (two Buckley loves!).

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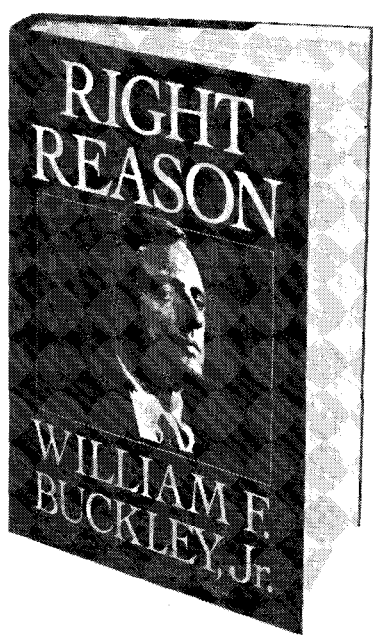

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BUSH ON THE TIGHTROPE

THE QUESTION tormenting George Bush's campaign strategists is whether their candidate can walk the tightrope Reagan walked in 1980 and 1984 and attract New Deal defectors along with traditional Republicans and conservative independents.

To understand the challenge, it is instructive to recall the realignments of the elections of 1932 and 1936, during that era of the New Deal when majorities of blue-collar voters, Catholics, and white Southerners united to help form a new Democratic majority. Since then, these voters have rarely defected from the Democratic coalition—in fact, only three times: once for Nixon and twice for Reagan.

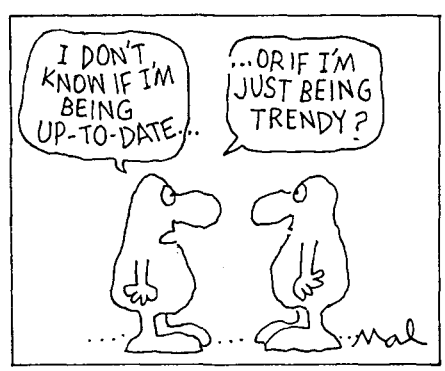
Remember that it was these three groups that sparked talk in the early 1980s of realignment toward the GOP, some of which seemed to take place in 1980 and 1984. But when the 1982 and 1986 midterm-election votes were tallied, these voters had gone home to Democratic candidates. That migration has come to be known as "dealignment"—a phenomenon in which the support of floating blocks of voters without strong loyalties to either party has become essential to winning the Presidency.

Bush's strategists are planning a series of moves aimed at gaining the allegiance of these constituencies. A new set of policy proposals to combat drug abuse will be announced shortly by the Vice President, including a proposal for stiff mandatory sentencing for drug pushers who recruit juveniles to the drug trade. Such tough measures appeal to blue-collar voters, Bush campaigners say.

For Catholics, Bush has settled on a tepid opposition to abortion about halfway between the beliefs and practices of the majority of contemporary Catholics and the uncompromising position of those like Phyllis Schlafly. Bush may do more for Catholics later, perhaps renewing Reagan's unfulfilled pledge to offer tuition tax credits to parents who send their children to parochial schools.

Along with drugs and abortion, two other issues have become important to these voter groups: plant-closing notification and child care. President Reagan has opposed an amendment to the trade bill requiring employers to give sixty days' notice of impending layoffs and plant closings, a gut issue for blue-collar voters (who want it) and for the U.S. Chamber of Commerce (which doesn't). Senate and House Democrats are stripping the trade bill of all veto-bait except the plant-closing measure. That way, when Reagan vetoes the bill, Democrats—notably Michael Dukakis—will be able to point to the Administration's "lack of compassion" for blue-collar workers. Bush, the loyal wingman, will be compelled to support the President's position at his own political expense.

The voters affected most by the child-care issue are blue-collar families in which wives have entered the labor force hoping to bring in enough extra money to help buy a home and send the kids to college. Polls show how much these voters worry about child care. The issue is especially sensitive because conservatives, who don't want to make staying home and taking care of kids any less attractive an option for women than it already is, want a straight tax credit or an expanded deduction for all families with children.



On the other hand, Treasury Secretary James Baker (who will probably step down this August to manage Bush's campaign) is opposed to new losses of revenue from any such credits.

Thus, a battle is brewing within the Administration over the shape of any potential child-care proposal. This issue could help alienate the Reagan coalition from New Deal defectors.

To further complicate Bush's life, Dukakis has beaten him to the punch on all three issues. The Massachusetts governor supports early notification of plant closings (even though Massachusetts has passed only a *voluntary* notification provision) and plans to visit factories to push the issue in every state on his campaign itinerary. Dukakis has also been showing up at child-care centers. Finally, he hopes to embarrass the Vice President on the drug issue by underscoring Bush's alleged knowledge of General Noriega's drug trafficking, and the ineffectiveness of the Vice President's Drug Task Force.

BUSH WILL attempt to counter Dukakis's hardlining with a call for the U.S. military to stop the flow of narcotics across our borders, a measure adamantly opposed by the Joint Chiefs of Staff. But the Democrats also favor an expanded role for the Pentagon in the war on drugs. Which means that on this issue, as on others, unless Bush can show voters how his position differs from Dukakis's, he runs the risk of being a "me too" candidate.

This election, likely to be a close one, may well turn on how well the campaigns are managed. Each step Bush takes along the tightrope will be critical. He will have to reach out to enough groups to win a majority on election night—without, however, looking like a trollop. Washington pundits will be watching to see where the New Deal defectors go. □

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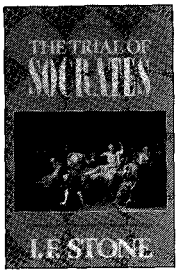

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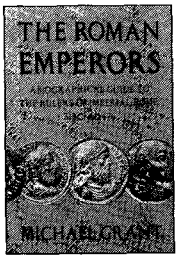

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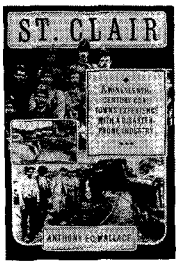

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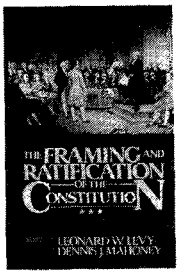

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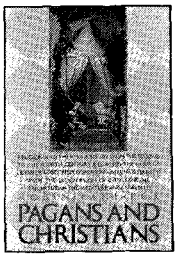

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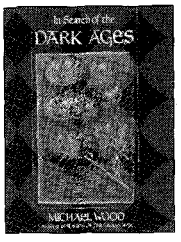

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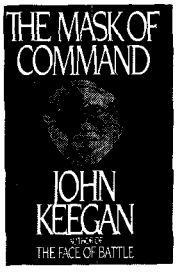

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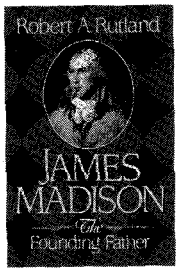

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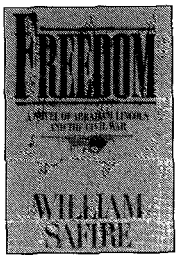

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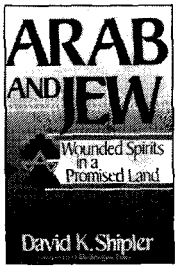

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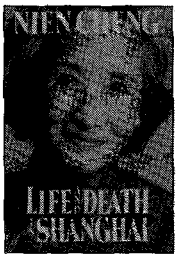

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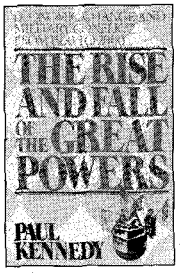

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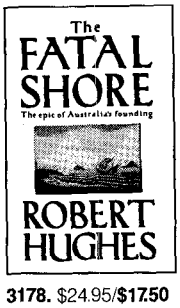

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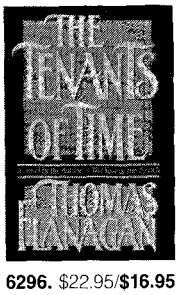

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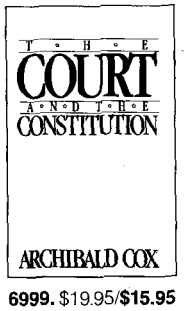

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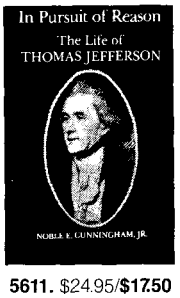

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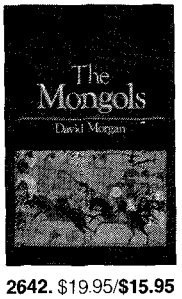

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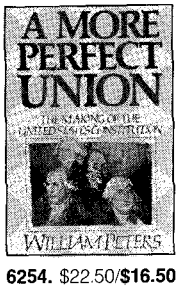

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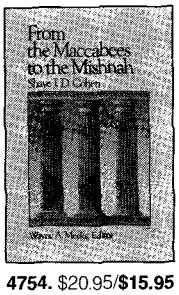

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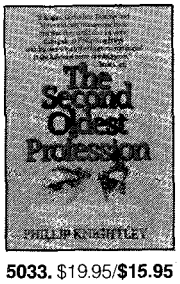

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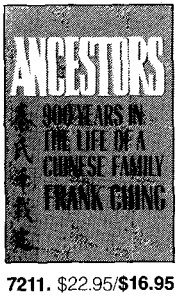

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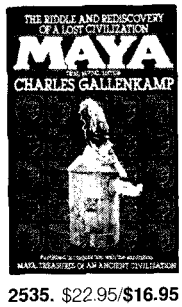

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DESIRABLE ENDS

Is PEACE a desirable end? Thus phrased, it must be admitted, this question bristles with semantic and philosophical supplementaries. How do you define "peace"? What do you mean by "desirable"? Is an "end" final?

I am prompted to such reflections by the sudden (i.e., uncoordinated) rush of "peace" talks envisaging as possible outcomes "peace" in Afghanistan, in Angola, in and around Nicaragua, and in Cambodia.

At any time, whether in the great East/West conflict or in the regional conflicts that are components of it, "peace" is available. All you have to do is raise your arms and surrender. Is this the kind of peace we are talking about? Is this the kind of peace we would consider a "desirable end"?

If "peace" were an absolute, there would be no grounds for hesitation. Of course peace (i.e., the absence of fighting and destruction) is better than war. But before answering the question I started with, we really have to consider another one: Who is fighting for what? Or if you prefer, What is the fighting about?

What troubles me is the thought that the State Department and Britain's Foreign Office see each of these situations in one-dimensional terms. The kinetic Mr. Chester Crocker, for instance, has been understandably obsessed with the problems of southern Africa for many years. Afghanistan is not, at least directly, his concern. Nicaragua? Cambodia? Well, other desks and desk officers are tasked accordingly.

To Secretaries of State and Foreign Secretaries falls the wider task of seeing the problems as a whole, of strategic thinking, and one sometimes wonders whether that is the way they think. Let us go back to my suggested examples. A common factor unites them. There would have been no need for peace talks on Afghanistan if the Soviet armed forces hadn't moved in nine years ago. There would have been no Angola problem in its present form if, around 1960, the Soviets had not started the intensified training of terrorists and guerrillas of the MPLA, with a view to taking over at such time as the Portuguese colonial power should collapse. (Nor, it should be added, would the nasty regime in Luanda have survived as long as it has if the U.S. Congress had not vetoed the provision of arms for Dr. Savimbi of UNITA.)

For that matter, there would have been no regional Nicaraguan problem if the Soviets had not set up their Cuban outpost and masterminded the Communist takeover in Managua.

Cambodia? Well, that is a slightly more complex problem. The Chinese Communists backed the genocidal Khmer Rouge regime, which (such is the absurdity of the UN) is still internationally recognized as legitimate. But the Soviet factor lies at the heart of this conflict as well as of the others. The Vietnamese surrogates of the Soviet Union invaded and occupied Cambodia. So there, as elsewhere, the problem is the same: the extension of Soviet power.

I have mentioned legitimacy: an intrusive issue. Technically, the MPLA government is "legitimate"; that is, internationally recognized. This lends status to Cuba in the Angolan conflict, although I cannot, offhand, imagine what was legitimate in the gigantic Soviet airlift that brought Cuban forces to the rescue of the Angolan colonial outpost. Technically, South Africa is also legitimate, despite the opprobrium attracted by apartheid.

All of this means that Angola, Cuba, and South Africa are represented at the peace talks that opened at a secret place in Britain in early May. What about Savimbi's UNITA? Ah well, you see, they're *rebels*, lacking legitimacy. So they have to wait on the sidelines in a conflict in which, in moral terms, their legitimacy is surely far stronger than the MPLA's.

Adolfo Calero's Contras, one up on UNITA's forces, went to Managua for peace talks with the Sandinistas, who duly treated them like rebels who would have to lay down their arms and be good boys if they wanted promises of democracy.

So, to get back to aims and ends. In ex-French Indochina, from 1930 on Ho Chi Minh knew perfectly well what his followers wanted: to oust the French and set up a Communist regime. They achieved their ends. And the French knew what, in contrast, they wanted: to stay on, but not at the price that was being exacted—protracted war.

The same is true, in stronger terms, of the American involvement in Vietnam. The Americans wanted to help the non-Communist (I didn't say "democratic") regime in South Vietnam to defend itself against the Communist onslaught, but not at the cost of a long-term commitment, rising defense costs, student unrest at home, etc.

In ANGOLA, with the long shadow of the absurd Clark Amendment interfering with clear vision, the U.S. wasn't even sure, for years, whether it wanted to help the anti-Communist guerrillas or just stay out of trouble. In Central America, the White House has, on occasion, wanted one thing and Congress another, not always with immaculate clarity.

At least in Afghanistan, the issue was clear, if only because the Soviets were visibly there, massacring villagers and performing other foul deeds.

And yet the issue is the same everywhere. The desirable end is a world in which peoples are allowed to choose their own destinies. It is a world worth fighting for. And fighting is the antithesis of peace. □

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FEBRUARY 29, 1968: A DAY THAT SHOULD LIVE IN IRONY

On February 19, 1968, Robert S. McNamara's long tenure as Secretary of Defense ended in a sequence of events that resembled a Greek drama written jointly by Euripides and Aristophanes. It was a foul day, with rain falling in sheets, and President Johnson was, to put it mildly, in a foul mood. On the previous day we had had a White House ceremony in which he had awarded McNamara the presidential Medal of Freedom and enough was enough—particularly since he had reached the conclusion that the Secretary was secretly in cahoots with Bobby Kennedy. Of this more later, but let us return to the scene of the debacle, the Pentagon, and set the stage.

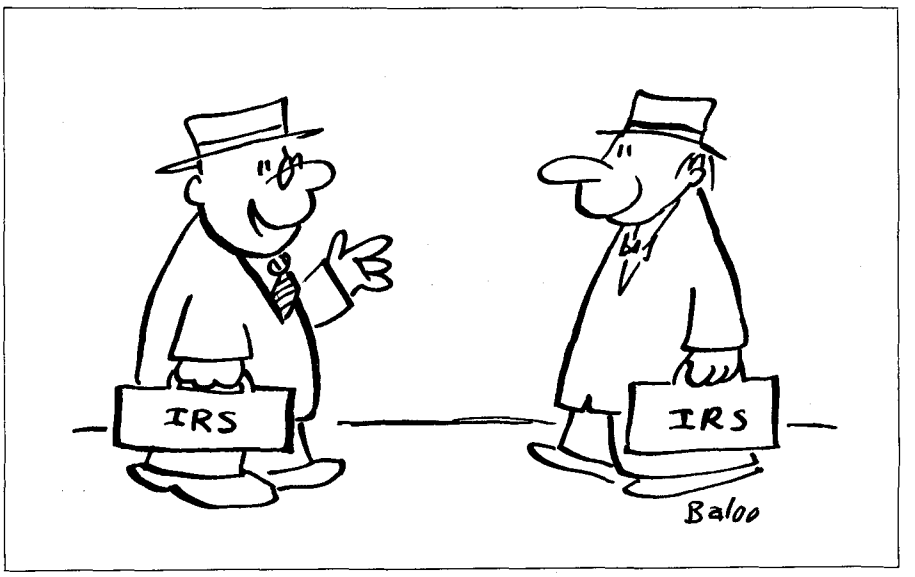
My friend and colleague, Harry McPherson, the President's Special Counsel, had written a short, pithy farewell address, which the President was scheduled to deliver on the back parade ground. As usual, three or four of us were invited along to provide moral support. The author of a speech was always included, and I suspect the President's perverse sense of humor had led him to include me. For almost two years I had been sending him "Eyes Only" memoranda suggesting that McNamara's Vietnam strategy was disastrous, that the "Whiz Kids" were masters of simulated precision, numerologists who confused a wargame with a war, and that the Secretary was, in essence, the Wizard of Oz. Life was imitating art.

McNamara had always spooked me. Seemingly the ultimate rationalist, he had a bizarre macho streak, which occasionally surfaced publicly. In Harvard Square in November 1966, a bunch of anti-war stormtroopers pushed him around and refused to let him speak; referring to his years at Harvard he yelled, "I was tougher than you, and I am tougher today." Privately, in the midst of an argument with British Foreign Secretary George Brown at a Washington dinner party in 1967, he suddenly took off his glasses and squared off—fortunately Bromley Smith, their host, got in the middle and suggested mediation. (It was probably this macho chromosome that created the close bond with Robert Kennedy—who would probably be alive today had he not rejected Secret Service protection as sissy stuff in his 1968 campaign.)

But McNamara oozed precision. I recall the July 1967 Cabinet meeting on an impending railroad strike. LBJ looked across the table at McNamara and asked, "Bob, how many trainloads of stuff for our boys in Vietnam will be stopped?" "Thirteen, Mr. President," the Secretary snapped back. I spent the rest of the meeting wondering about this pat response. Was he winging it? Or worse, since "stuff for our boys in Vietnam," including everything from condoms to 155mm howitzers, was probably in boxcars on at least fifty trains, did he himself believe it?

However, by mid 1967 McNamara was beginning to shake down. It may be (as he stated recently in his deposition in the Westmoreland case) that he had decided as early as the winter of 1965-66 that the Vietnam War was unwinnable, but if so he certainly kept his views to himself. Adding to his troubles was the tragic 1967 death of his mini-McNamara, Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs John McNaughton, in an airplane accident, and Margaret McNamara's hospitalization for ulcers.

The President was aware of this demoralization. One summer evening in 1967, when I was on therapy duty in the Oval Office—the President needed to get off steam about his frustrations and liked company—he got on to McNamara. Exact recon-



"Hiya, Ralph—destroyed any good incentives lately?"

Mr. Roche, who was Special Consultant to President Johnson, 1966-69, is Olin Professor of Civilization and Foreign Affairs at the Fletcher School of Law & Diplomacy.

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struction of the conversation is impossible, but he began by saying what a wonderful woman Margie McNamara was. He called her in the hospital to convey his best wishes, hung up, and said to the ceiling, "Johnny, we can't have another Forrestal."

So Johnson was acting from compassion, not malice, when in mid October he nominated McNamara to run the World Bank: he didn't want another Secretary of Defense to commit suicide. This same streak of compassion had led him earlier to turn down Robert Kennedy's request for the Saigon Embassy, a political mistake of the first order. When I asked him about it he simply said, "If anything happened to that boy after what happened to his brother, I couldn't live with my conscience."

Not that he was personally fond of Robert Kennedy. Far from it: by the end of 1967 LBJ was convinced that not a sparrow fell without Bobby's intervention, and the latter, a cunning rascal, knew just what buttons to push to send the President up the pole. For example, the day the news of McNamara's appointment to the World Bank leaked in a London paper, Senator Robert Kennedy rushed over to the Pentagon and spent several hours closeted with him. The media played it up and by eight o'clock that night we were using divers' weights to get the President off the Oval Office ceiling. For a couple of days poor Joe Califano was the only person in communication with both.

BUT THE worst aspect of the whole affair was that McNamara could not leave the Pentagon until his successor, Clark Gifford, recovered from a severe case of hepatitis he had picked up on a mission to Southeast Asia. So McNamara hung around, aware of the President's smoldering wrath, for over four months. I thought Bobby had deliberately set him up—he had pulled a variation of the same caper on Bill Moyers when Bill resigned as Press Secretary early in 1967 —but the President was unbudgeable: his Administration was riddled with agents of the demonic Bobby. There was some truth in this. Not a lot, but some.

Little did LBJ, sulking in the limo en route to the Pentagon on February 29, 1969, realize what was in store for him, that the Greek gods were about to do a number on the Great Computer. McNamara was there to greet the President and take him, the Secret Service contingent, and assorted spear-carriers up to his office by the executive elevator. The elevator held about a dozen and I decided to go up in the next contingent—I'm a bit claustrophobic. It was a fortunate decision: the elevator jammed between floors and LBJ too had a touch of claustrophobia. Those of us waiting suddenly heard the Secret Service guys jabbering away on their radios to the detail in the elevator.

My inside authority was Harry McPherson who found himself next to a slightly berserk President. Harry's account was understandably a bit incoherent, but he apparently reached up to push open the exit hatch in the roof of the elevator to reassure the President—and somehow took out the lights. In any event, after about ten minutes the Leader of the Free World was liberated—but furious. I observed to Harry later that LBJ must have thought Bobby was behind it.

Well, the President combed his hair, straightened his tie, and with McNamara, Paul Nitze (then Deputy Secretary), and the Joint Chiefs headed for the parade ground. They went out into the rain; Harry, I, and other innocent bystanders stayed in the doorway. The President got out his speech and the public-address system failed. General Earle ("Bus") Wheeler, Chairman of the JCS, made a brief, heroic effort to shake the microphone into action, but it was dead. Johnson rattled through his remarks unheard. As the dignitaries exfiltrated I remember Harry saying, as he spotted Johnson's face, "Jeezeroo, John, let's go back in a cab." We didn't, but I took the precaution of sitting in the lefthand jump seat, as far away from the President as possible.

Frankly, I was in torment suppressing hilarity: I had just witnessed Aristophanes' comic rendition of Nemesis. Twenty years have passed, but it still breaks me up.

Nothing better symbolized the nature of the McNamara era at Defense than its eerie end. As Johnson, pacified after some difficulty, observed that night in a talk to the National Governors' Conference: McNamara had told him in the elevator, "We didn't program the computer for Leap Year." □

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MEXICO ON THE BRINK

FEW MEXICANS are bold enough to believe that the Partido Revolucionario Institucional (PRI) will lose many important offices in the general elections next July 6. Although Mexico is bogged down in a grim economic crisis, and the people are tired of inflation (177 per cent last year), of poverty, and of the appalling poverty-linked crime wave, most of them believe the official party will come up with plenty of votes to win.

The PRI's built-in advantages are enormous. All three million of the nation's bureaucrats—federal, state, and local—are PRI members. So too are the members of CTM, the official labor union, and the jobholders in hundreds of state-owned business concerns, to say nothing of the army of *ejidatarios* (peasants) who work on government-owned lands.

And there's more. The PRI government controls the rubber-stamp congress, the judiciary, the treasury, the police at all levels, and the Federal Election Commission as well. It controls access to the news media, and, as it has demonstrated with increasing frequency in recent years, it knows how to apply "*alquimia electoral*" (electoral alchemy)—the leaders' jovial term for voting fraud—when need arises.

Small wonder, then, that in nearly sixty years, the PRI has never lost a presidential election, and very few elections of any kind. The wonder is that the ever-battered minor parties bother to run at all.

But this time there are cracks in the monolith, and Carlos Salinas de Gortari, PRI's candidate for president, is running scared. His selection for that job by President Miguel de la Madrid was bitterly opposed by the left wing of the party, and by the Mexican Left in general. Spokesmen for the Left, who eagerly second Fidel Castro's suggestion that Mexico repudiate its $105 billion foreign debt, charge that Salinas—Secretary for Programming & Budget in de la Madrid's cabinet—would be too mild in dealing with the country's creditors. They also mistrust him because he is calling for "a profound deregulation of the economy," and perhaps in part because he spent enough time in the United States to acquire two advanced degrees from Harvard. Salinas currently is campaigning hard in every town and hamlet in Mexico, and issuing stern warnings of future reprisals to PRI members tempted to defect.

One potential defector was, and perhaps still is, the Petroleum Workers' Union, the richest labor organization in Latin America. Its chiefs refused to endorse Salinas's candidacy until de la Madrid threatened to audit the union's books. Joaquín (La Quina) Hernández Galicia, top boss of the *petroleros*, and his henchmen are notorious as big-spenders in Las Vegas and elsewhere. They are mad at Salinas because he canceled a deal by which the union was allowed a 35 per cent kickback on nearly half of the contracts let by PEMEX, the government's oil monopoly. They may not stay mad; it has been hinted that the party may allot them another seat or two in congress.

There are other cracks in the edifice. Thousands of PRI members in Chihuahua demonstrated two years ago to protest their national leaders' arrogance in picking unqualified cronies for jobs hard-working local members believed should be theirs. That is still a sore point in many areas.

A PRI faction headed by Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas Solórzano, a former governor of Michoacán with strong ties to the military, and the son of a former president revered by the Left, has broken away altogether. Cárdenas is believed to have the backing of former President Luis Echeverría Alvarez and his PRI faction. He is running for president as the candidate of the National Democratic Front, an amalgam of three splinter parties. One of the three is the Popular Socialist Party which was founded by Vincente Lombardo Toledano, a Marxist, in 1950 after he was expelled from both the PRI and the labor federation as a Soviet agent.

THIS SORT of ideological strife is relatively new to the PRI: from the end of World War II until 1970, the ruling party had no official ideology, and policy was set by each president in turn. If one president steered slightly left, the next was supposed to move slightly right. That "pendulum" policy gave Mexico the most peaceful and prosperous period in its history, and a 7 per cent growth rate that was the envy of Latin America. But, after the student riots of 1968 were bloodily squelched, a number of the students' Marxist leaders abandoned confrontation in favor of infiltration. They were given influential government jobs by President Echeverría. The "pendulum" rule was abandoned; government policy moved hard left, and with minor exceptions has been kept on that track ever since.

As Luís Pazos, the outstanding Mexican economist, demonstrates in his book *Democracia a la Mexicana*, important elements of the Marxist program advocated by Lombardo and his party have been adopted intact by the PRI. Pazos cites among many examples: the expropriation of the privately owned banking system by President José López Portillo in 1982 and the adoption of constitutional amendments by de la Madrid's administration that tightened government control of all aspects of the economy. Central planning and direction on Marxist lines are authorized by an amendment copied directly from Cuba's constitution.

Mr. Lake writes frequently for NR *about Mexican affairs.*

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"The PRI, ideologically at any rate, is a socialist party," Pazos says. "The old leaders and politicians encrusted on the system . . . have left the ideological part of the PRI in the hands of little groups allied with the Socialist International."

THE OUTRIGHT expropriation of the banks was made legal after the fact by an amendment to the current constitution. It is the nation's sixth constitution in 180 years. The formalities in changing it are about as onerous as those involved in changing a tire. Expropriation of the banks and the almost simultaneous confiscation at a drastic discount of $16 billion in dollar deposits in those same banks shook or extinguished confidence in the Mexican government and gave impetus to the flight abroad of billions of dollars in Mexican capital.

Mexico's left turn has been a complete disaster. The country was relatively debt-free in 1970, had a stable currency, and offered an improving standard of living to most of its people. It is particularly galling to the people that the subsequent epidemic of corruption and incompetence not only wiped out the gains of the previous quarter-century, but also obliterated the unexpected bonanza that poured billions into Mexico in the great oil boom that began a decade ago. Still worse, the debacle has left the country staggering under both its stupendous foreign debt and an internal debt almost as burdensome. Never in all history has any country so dismally flubbed its chance to rise out of poverty and dependence.

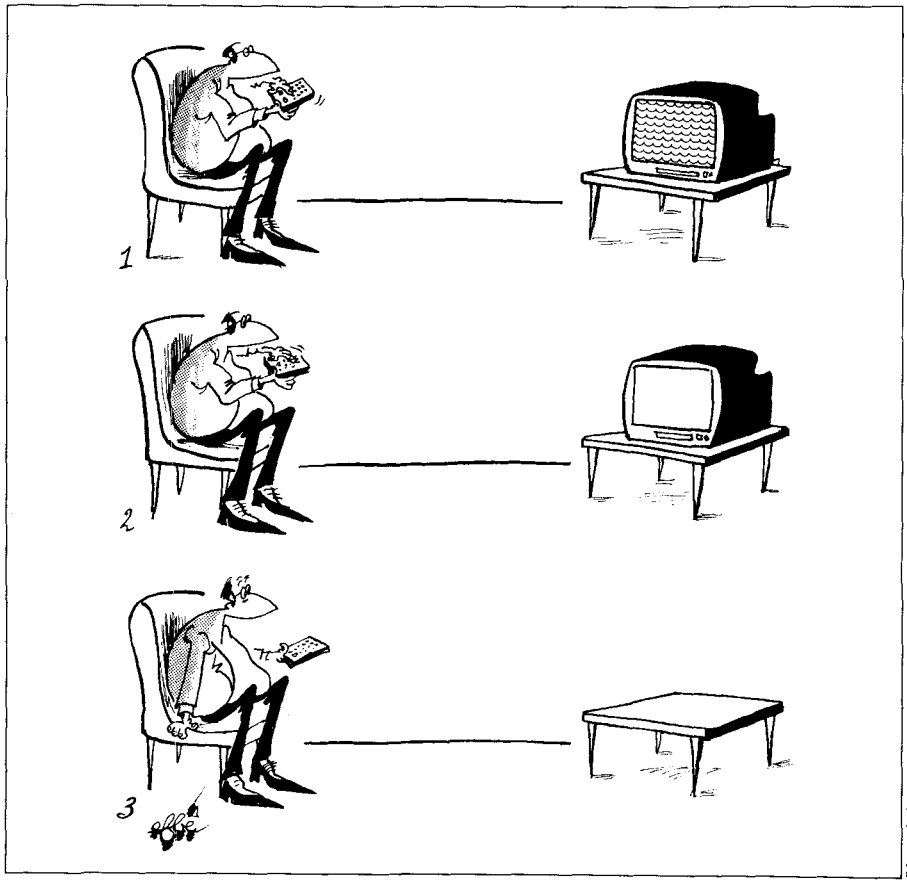
As disillusionment with the PRI grows, so does the party's determination to make every municipal, state, and federal election a clean sweep for the PRI. "Grab it all" is the war cry. Opposition candidates say the PRI is terrified that new officials might make a real effort to track down the billions that vanished in the recent orgy of corruption. Loss of the presidency could mean disgrace and ruin for many new millionaires. Hence the all-out effort to win everywhere.

The main victim of this effort has been the Partido Acción Nacional (PAN), a center-right party that has defeated the PRI in several local elections in recent years and has been robbed of victory in others, as its leaders contend with good evidence. PAN is strong in northern Mexico, among Catholics, and among businessmen belatedly alarmed by the government's sharp turn to the left.

PAN's candidate is Manuel Clouthier del Rincon, a portly rancher and businessman-politician who looks and acts *presidenciable*. He refers to Salinas as "Junior" (at forty, Salinas is the youngest presidential candidate in modern times) and challenges him in vain to debate.

Clouthier asks his supporters to rely on peaceful civil disobedience to combat fraud at the polls, but civil disobedience in 1985 and 1986 frequently turned into street riots, in which at least 14 people were killed, and hundreds injured. A city hall was burned down, dozens of patrol cars were destroyed, and countless bystanders were beaten or tear-gassed. Minor-party spokesmen say that PRI goons precipitated the street fights so that the government could cancel elections the PRI had lost and install "provisional" governments manned by PRI faithful.

Some of the minor parties have suggested foreign supervision of the forthcoming elections. To the surprise of no one, Jorge de la Vega Domínguez, President of the PRI, replied that "foreign intervention" would not be tolerated by the party. He added solemnly that charges of electoral fraud against the PRI are false and that he will assist authorities in seeing that the vote is respected.



IN 1910 old Porfirio Díaz and his "científicos" had grown unbearably arrogant after 33 years in power. They controlled every political office in the nation, and by rigging elections denied citizens any voice in government. The people rebelled, with "no re-election" and "effective suffrage" as their slogans. Díaz fled into exile in France, and Mexico exploded into a decade of civil war in which more than a million Mexicans perished of wounds, disease, and starvation.

The current situation in Mexico strikingly resembles that of 1910, with an ominous addition: a dozen years of inflation and economic hardship. As worried observers see it, two fateful questions hang over modern Mexico: Will the ruling system and its technocrats permit honest elections this time around? And if the PRI should lose the presidency it has held so long, will it permit a peaceful transfer of power? □

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help !!!!

Barry's Revenge

Two thousand bridges touch New York,
And most of them are falling,
A topic politicians find
Particularly galling,
Since, once, Goldwater threatened to
Saw off the East forever,
Suggesting these *kerplunks!* are all
The senator could sever.

W. H. von Dreele

"Well, after the budget cuts, committee reports, ABM Treaty limitations, and congressional strictures, we finally arrived at this as a compromise."

"He's certainly not your ordinary malcontent."

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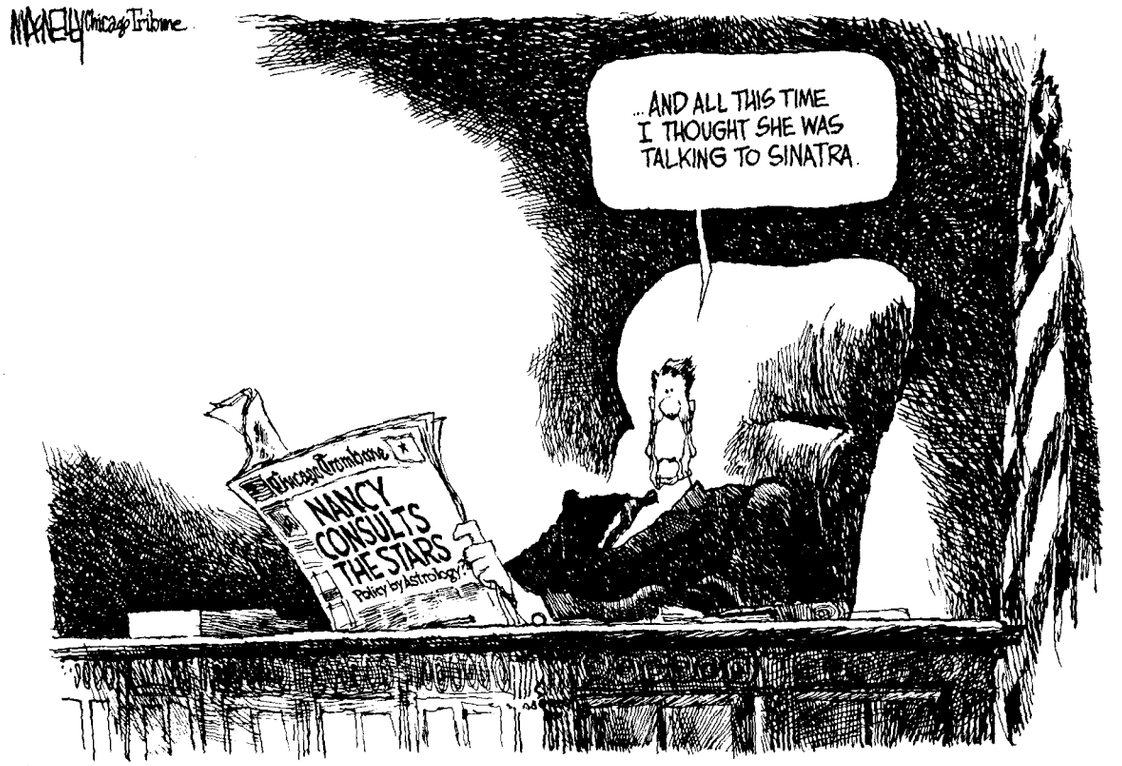
ROBERTS
CHERISH IT WHILE YOU CAN, BOB... THERE AREN'T MANY PLACES LEFT WHERE YOU CAN GET AWAY AND ENJOY THE SIMPLE PLEASURES OF A CIGARETTE.


MACNELLY Chicago Tribune
...AND ALL THIS TIME I THOUGHT SHE WAS TALKING TO SINATRA.
Chicago Tribune
NANCY CONSULTS THE STARS
Policy by Astrology!

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CRIME IN AMERICA

CHARLES MURRAY

In In Pursuit of Happiness and Good Government *(Simon & Schuster, fall 1988), Charles Murray focuses on some of the considerations that permit individuals to pursue happiness—what he calls "enabling conditions." One of these is safety. In this excerpt, Mr. Murray breaks new ground as he reflects on how different "the crime problem" looks when we ask just what constitutes "enough safety" to go about our daily lives. What gets lost in our preoccupation with crime statistics? People's need for "lawfulness" and public civility.* —MG

CRIME STATISTICS are usually put in terms of crime rates. But how many homicides per year per 100,000 people or how many muggings per year per 100,000 is low enough to make you feel safe enough to go about your daily business without taking precautions? It is unlikely that you can answer the question—that's not the way one thinks about "feeling safe."

Even more to the point, some people like risk while others don't, which makes it tricky to talk about "safety" as being a universal need. When ten different people pick an acceptable crime rate, and all ten answers are different, how is a policymaker to choose the reasonable one?

Do I have a right to go wherever I please, whenever I please, and expect the same degree of safety from crime, or does the standard of "enough safety" properly vary with time and place?

In discussing whether safety is adequate, the great problem is answering the question, "Compared to what?" I begin that task by considering, then discarding, the notion that the number of crimes is the problem. Two different issues tend to become mixed when discussing the crime problem. One is the explosive increase in crime that occurred during the late 1960s and the slower but still troubling increases of the 1970s. The increases were real. In 1960, for example, 161 violent crimes were reported per 100,000 people. In 1980, when reported crimes reached their peak, there were 581. This constituted more than a tripling of violent crime, a large increase by any standard.

But while the increase is lamentable, having less safety must be distinguished from having so little safety that one's quality of life is affected. The small Iowa town where I grew up illustrates the point. Local crime has unquestionably increased in the last 25 years, and it is a topic of complaint. Once, few people bothered to lock their homes when they left the house to go shopping. Now, many do. But months, even years, can go by without anything resembling the classic street mugging in which an ordinary citizen walking peacefully on an ordinary street is attacked. So while there has been an increase in the crime problem that has aroused some concern, safety remains at a level that ought to be adequate by any reasonable criterion.

Compare this situation with the one described by Claude Brown, author of *Manchild in the Promised Land*, regarding contemporary Harlem:

> In any Harlem building, whether a tenement or a relatively luxurious high-rise, every door has at least three locks on it. Nobody opens a door without first finding out who's there. In the early evening, or even at midday, you see people—middle-aged men and women—lingering outside nice apartment houses, peeking in the lobbies. They seem to be casing the joint. They are actually trying to figure out who is in the lobby of *their* building. "Is this someone waiting to mug me? Should I risk going in, or should I wait for someone else to come?" . . . You'd better find a parking space within a block of your house, because if you have to walk two blocks you're not going to make it . . .

How many people are affected by this type of high-density crime? Surprisingly few. Consider first that the high crime rates are concentrated in large cities. The striking relationship of crime to city size is shown in Figure 1.

The relevance of the graph lies in a fact that may come as a surprise to many: comparatively few Americans live in the core cities where the crime problem is worst. In 1980, fully one-half of the population of the United States lived in the countryside or in a jurisdiction of less than ten thousand persons. Only a quarter of the population

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Mr. Murray is Bradley Fellow at the Manhattan Institute for Policy Research and author of Losing Ground. *Copyright ©1988 by Cox and Murray, Inc. From the forthcoming book,* In Pursuit of Happiness and Good Government, *by Charles Murray, to be published in October by Simon & Schuster. Printed by permission.*

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lived in cities of 100,000 or more (the ones that show the big jump in crime rates in Figure 1). Only 8 per cent of the population lived in the cities of a million or more persons that had the highest crime rates. The United States may be famous for its megalopolises, but most of the people who live *near* large cities actually have their residences, and spend most of their "vulnerable" time, in much smaller communities.

And these crime figures are for the city as a whole. The communities that Claude Brown describes are so different from anywhere else that they exist in a world of their own. Contemplate what happens when we append to the first figure, using the same scale, the violent-crime rate of the 25th Precinct in New York, the East Harlem area that was part of Claude Brown's description (Figure 2, page 36).

The image of urban danger that we carry in our minds is based on neighborhoods experiencing a rate of crime several magnitudes worse than that which the great bulk of the American population ever encounters. If you use crime statistics as the basis for analyzing the enabling condition called safety, "enough safety" already exists for almost everyone.

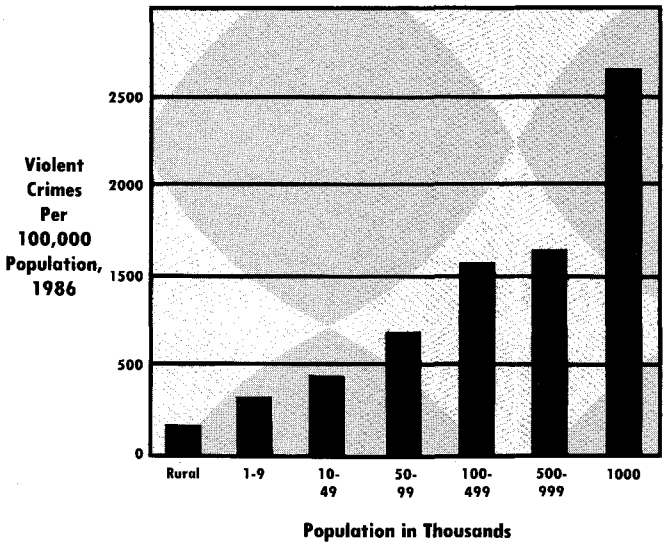
But this doesn't accord with common sense. Most of us have a gut feeling that nonetheless, there *is* a widespread problem with safety in contemporary America that is not captured by the FBI's crime index. Let us back away from "crime" as an aggregate measure of the level of safety and ask: What are people so upset about when they complain about the crime problem (even though they don't live in places like the 25th Precinct)? What is the "threshold of safety" that in their perception is not being met? I will argue that the threshold consists of two parts, labeled "lawfulness" and "public civility."

THE FIRST half of the threshold has to do with what I will call lawfulness. Lawfulness does not necessarily mean having a low crime rate. Rather, it means that predatory behavior is treated in a reasonably *predictable and understandable* way that corresponds with commonly shared principles of right and wrong within the community.

The police fill this function in the front lines by visibly *trying* to enforce lawfulness, a point illustrated by a recent description in *The New York Times Magazine* of a homicide detective working long hours to solve the murder of a crack dealer. No one was sorry the crack dealer had been killed—not the police, not the people in the neighborhood. It had been what the police sometimes call "a community-service homicide." Nonetheless, the detective was doggedly trying to find the killer. Why? In answer to the reporter's question, the detective recalled a resident of the neighborhood he had questioned that morning:

> Now there's a guy . . . who's worked all his life, paid his taxes, lived an honest life, and what does he get for it? He gets a neighborhood where he can't keep a lock on the door, and he can't afford to leave. So you ask me where's the motivation in a case like this where the deceased is a crack dealer? What it's really about is that gentleman there in that apartment. What's he got back? What's he got back? But at least if he sees, here I am, the representative of the law, I'm going around, I'm talking to people, I'm working on this case, it's not as if it's completely gotten to the point where people are shooting each other in the streets and nobody cares, nobody even notices.

Figure 1



Source: Federal Bureau of Investigation, Uniform Crime Reports for the United States 1986 *(Washington: Government Printing Office, 1987), Table 9.*

The detective was recognizing, as William Tucker has written, that "the criminal-justice system is more than just a method for dealing with criminals. It is also a public stage upon which the continuing drama of public morality is enacted." Or to put it slightly differently, it is not enough that crime be dealt with *efficiently* or even *effectively*. It must also be dealt with *appropriately*. This perception of appropriateness begins with the police and extends through the courts and into the correctional system.

I use the word "lawful" to describe the appropriate process instead of the obvious alternative, "just." Justice is a very big and complicated concept, whereas what I have in mind is a simple-minded notion that goes something like this: In a lawful community, someone who does something everyone agrees is both illegal and harmful is sought by the police. If he is caught, he is prosecuted. If he is convicted, he suffers a penalty. When the court is merciful, it is because of mitigating circumstances in the crime or the person, not because of a game in which the offender is awarded points for being clever. Lawfulness means a calling to accountability, a solemn truth-seeking process whereby a law-abiding community asserts its supremacy over outlaws.

For lawfulness to exist, it is not necessary that the police catch every lawbreaker. Nor need the punishments be severe (accountability is the critical concept, not vengeance). The only thing that is necessary, if I may put it colloquially, is that when someone who commits a crime is arrested for it, his neighbors' perception of the world leads them to say, "He is in big trouble." In such a case, lawfulness exists. If they say, "Oh, he'll probably walk," it doesn't.

Seen in this context, much of the public discontent with the law-enforcement and criminal-justice systems in recent decades may be interpreted not as a reaction to the real danger of being mugged or murdered, but to the perception

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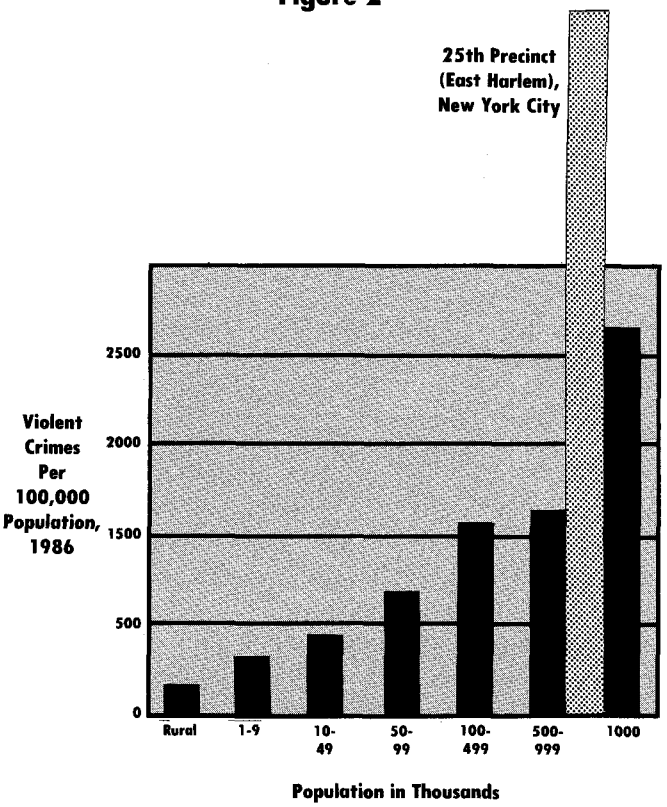
Figure 2



Data for the 25th Precinct are taken from unpublished statistics provided by the Crime Analysis Division of the New York City Police Department.

that the world isn't lawful any more. The controversial Supreme Court decisions regarding admissible confessions, notably *Miranda*, and evidence, notably *Mapp* (the so-called exclusionary rule), offer excellent examples. I am not arguing that decisions such as *Miranda* and *Mapp* have handcuffed the police, but that when a criminal gets off because of procedural errors in the arrest or in the gathering of evidence despite overwhelming evidence of guilt, the event mocks the community's supremacy over the outlaws and is also disquieting to its members' sense of safety. People can do bad things with impunity even if they are caught.

Miranda and *Mapp* are only emblems of a broader perception of lawlessness. Many people (I include myself) take for granted, for example, that a defendant with a good lawyer can usually either get off altogether or strike a deal that is far better than the one he could have gotten without a good lawyer. Many people take for granted that, if the government has enough interest in getting someone, it can eventually pin something on him or make him go broke in the process. More generally, many people take for granted that the final result of any given case depends heavily on who spends the most money on it. To the extent that "many people" is becoming "most people" and is heading toward "just about everyone," each of these opinions constitutes a troubling indictment of the perceived lawfulness of the system. The underlying way it is troubling is not to be fixed by providing everyone with better lawyers.

Other aspects of the criminal-justice system that have quite persuasive internal rationales affront our sense of lawfulness. Plea-bargain arrangements and the granting of immunity to a little fish in order to get a bigger fish make good sense in terms of efficiency, but such strategies are not lawful (in the sense I am using the term): people are supposed to get the appropriate penalty for what they did, not be punished for a lesser crime or go unpunished altogether because the criminal-justice system finds it more convenient to do business that way.

FRANK RIZZO's observation that "a conservative is a liberal who has been mugged," and Tom Wolfe's recent codicil, "a liberal is a conservative who has been arrested," both capture a truth: crime and the criminal-justice system can decisively affect one's quality of life, but do so mostly to those who are forcibly brought into contact with them. Let me now broaden the issue of lawfulness to encompass the whole fabric of that which we call the "law" that regulates daily life, and suggest that the problem of lawlessness has broader ramifications.

Imagine, for example, that you are a responsible homeowner who carefully maintains your property. But a person falls on your front steps and, lying there, announces that he has injured his back. At that moment, just how much money would you be willing to pay in return for a promise that the person lying on your sidewalk won't sue you? Knowing yourself to be morally blameless, do you really want your day in court in the American legal system that exists in 1988?

To the extent that a payoff sounds attractive, I am arguing that we have a problem with lawlessness interfering with the pursuit of happiness: *even if the law "ought" to be on your side*, a rational person will fear being subjected to it. Arthur C. Clarke once observed that technology sufficiently advanced beyond the understanding of the observer is indistinguishable from magic. I am suggesting analogously that law sufficiently complex is indistinguishable from no law at all. There is so much subjectivity, so many precedents, available to judges who may exercise so much judicial discretion, that beyond a certain point all that people can do, if they have the money, is to hire a good lawyer and hope for the best.

I HAVE SO far argued that one aspect of the need for safety is a need for lawfulness. The other aspect is a need for public civility. The proposition is that the threshold condition of safety requires public civility that has very little to do with preventing "crime" formally defined. Once more, a thought experiment is useful as a way of recognizing commonly shared reactions.

Imagine that tomorrow you have been flown to New York City, driven from LaGuardia to East Harlem, and deposited on a corner in that East Harlem precinct with the astronomical crime rate shown in the earlier figure.

Are you nervous? For most people, the answer is probably yes. But if crime is at issue, you shouldn't be. True, the crime rate in East Harlem is astronomical. But even that skyscraping bar on the chart represents only about 7,000 violent crimes per 100,000 persons per year. There are about 43,000 people in East Harlem and 365 days in

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a year. Your time of exposure is going to be about four hours. Even without a calculator, you as a rational person can figure out that you have a trivially small chance of being killed, raped, robbed, or assaulted during your afternoon in East Harlem. So what are you really apprehensive about?

What you may realistically be apprehensive about is another set of problems altogether, which fall under the rubric of being hassled and offended. Hassling includes panhandlers asking for change and being abusive if you do not make a contribution; small knots of teenage males hanging out on the streets and making you detour around them; being accosted by men if you are female or by hookers if you are male. Being offended might mean walking past a drunk sitting on the curb; stepping through litter; seeing obscene graffiti. These are unpleasant, anxiety-provoking, and potentially dangerous aspects of a visit to an inner city, some of which you *are* likely to encounter on your walk; of which you *are* properly apprehensive, and which you *cannot* avoid by preventive action. Neither can they be avoided by the residents. They are part of the daily reality of the street.

These unpleasantnesses do not usually represent crimes, although some of the behaviors are technically illegal. They are not usually physically dangerous in and of themselves. Rather, they represent offenses against commonly shared standards of public civility, and they arouse (with reason) the kind of apprehension produced on a subway rider by the masses of scrawled graffiti, an apprehension based, as Nathan Glazer has said, on the "inescapable knowledge that the environment he must endure for an hour or more a day is uncontrolled and uncontrollable, and that anyone can invade it to do whatever damage and mischief the mind suggests."

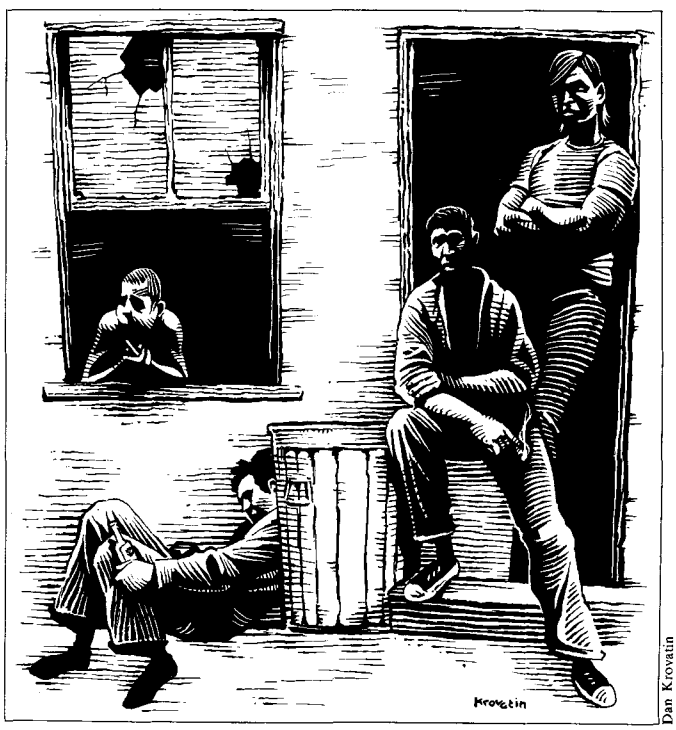
James Q. Wilson, in *Thinking about Crime*, has written the best analysis of why breakdowns in civility and good order are important, evoking broken windows as the emblem. He points out that if a window in a building is broken and is left unrepaired, the unvarying result, observed by sociologists and police officers alike, is that all the rest of the windows will soon be broken. "One unrepaired broken window is a signal that no one cares, and so breaking more windows costs nothing." He suggests that unrepaired behavior, as it were, leads to the same kind of sequence; that a "stable neighborhood of families who care for their homes, mind each other's children, and confidently frown on unwanted intruders can change in a few years, or even a few months, to an inhospitable and frightening jungle."

In proposing that the threshold state for safety consists in enforcing community standards of civility, I hasten to add that such standards will vary across communities. In a neighborhood in Newark, George Kelling, a colleague of Wilson's, observed how a cop on the beat enforced that community's rules: "Drunks and addicts could sit on the stoop, but could not lie down. People could drink on side streets, but not at the main intersection. Bottles had to be in paper bags. Talking to, bothering, or begging from people at the bus stop was strictly forbidden." These standards might not be demanding enough for Scarsdale, but they were appropriate to the neighborhood where they were being enforced: "Another neighborhood might have different rules, but these, everybody understood, were the rules for *this* neighborhood. If someone violated them, the regulars not only turned to Kelly [the beat cop] for help but also ridiculed the violator."

Historically, every American community of any size had at least one such neighborhood, where people who had the loosest requirements for public civility gravitated—Skid Row, or a lower-*class* neighborhood (to be distinguished from lower-*income* neighborhoods, which could be among the most prim and proper anywhere).

The difference today is that the public behaviors once confined to Skid Row are permitted in low-income neighborhoods. This does not mean that some communities of Americans no longer object to drunks or drug addicts or mentally disturbed people sprawled out on the streets. (The reason that drunks can be found passed out on the street in East Harlem is not, I submit, because the residents of East Harlem are evenly divided between those who do and don't approve of drunks lying on the sidewalk.) Rather, it means that what is considered acceptable enforcement of this community standard has changed.

WHAT I AM treating as "safety," an enabling condition for the pursuit of happiness, is usually treated as "the crime problem." The problem is measured by FBI figures on crime rates and by public-opinion surveys in which people are asked about their level of fear of crime. The measure of success in government policy has been straightforward: calculate the crime rate, determine whether it is going up or down, and make policy decisions accordingly. The policy decisions are based on the prevailing wisdom about the causes of crime. If crime is thought to be the result of poverty and deprivation, as it was in the 1960s, then programs designed not to punish but to provide constructive alternatives to crime will be in vogue. If it is decided, as it was in the 1980s, that crime results when the benefits of crime outweigh the costs, then programs to toughen law enforcement will be in vogue.



Dan Krovatin

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I have argued that "enough safety" to pursue happiness cannot be defined relative to a specific level of threat. No amount of progress is ever good enough, even though common sense and experience tell us that at some point we must pass (or have already passed) the optimum and are doing more harm than good. When one further considers that, as a practical matter, the great majority of readers of this discussion enjoy lives of extraordinary safety anyway —far safer then those of even their parents and orders of magnitude safer than those of their grandparents—just as they enjoy lives of extraordinary affluence, it becomes apparent that the crime problem as it is ordinarily conceived is one that seriously impedes the lives of only a small proportion of the population.

If then our topic is the measurement of success and progress in public policy, why bother with this lengthy discussion of safety? Why not simply say, "Extend to those in the 25th Precinct the same level of safety that the rest of us enjoy," and be done with it?

But we cannot do that. The discussion of safety as an enabling condition for the pursuit of happiness has attempted first and most importantly to distinguish between *being faced with threats* and *having a satisfying framework for coping with threats*. What has really happened to the people of the 25th Precinct (I have been arguing) is not that insufficient police are assigned to their district, but that the people of the 25th Precinct do not have a satisfying framework for coping with threats.

Using the specific case of crime, I have argued that the framework consists of two aspects. First, for coping with actual physical threats from crime, *the system must above all else satisfy the citizen's need for lawfulness*. The primal function of the criminal justice system is to hold accountable those who commit crimes. Performing that function comes first. And that means trying to catch everyone who preys on a fellow citizen; prosecuting everyone who is caught; and imposing a sanction on everyone who is convicted. "Reducing crime" is a side effect, not the measure, of success.

A major threat to lawfulness is complexity. In the criminal law as in civil law, tax law, and tort law, I have argued that *law sufficiently complex is indistinguishable from no law at all*, from the point of view of the ordinary citizen. Lawlessness exists when the citizen must rely on go-betweens, be they corrupt officials or lawyers, to work a system whose workings the citizen cannot comprehend. The point is not that everyone should therefore have a good lawyer, but that an essential element of lawfulness is that the law be simple, objective, and consistently applied.

The second half of the framework for coping with threats consists of *the power to enforce community standards of public civility*. Partly, this power directly affects quality of life—when a person cannot walk to the bus stop through a neighborhood park without being verbally assaulted by the gang of teenagers that use the park as a hangout, that person's daily life is importantly changed for the worse. But apart from that, public civility is intertwined with safety. The reason for keeping drunks from sleeping in the street or for rousting the gang of abusive teenagers is not just to placate people who are offended by such sights, but to preserve a fabric of public order that, once it frays in small ways, begins to rip in large ones. □

The American Way of Credit Cards

With the current outcry about the high rate of interest banks are charging the nation's 70 million or so credit-card holders, now seems to be the time to relate the sad case of Uncle Roscoe.

We don't talk much in our family about Uncle Roscoe. He always was a strange one. Outwardly, he seemed every inch a respectable American. But the fact of the matter was that he never owned a credit card. It wasn't because he had a poor credit rating or lacked an income. Roscoe had a huge income as a plumber.

Cousin Sweetbread always suspected Roscoe was a "closet charger" who went on out-of-town credit sprees with a dozen or so secret credit cards. Grandpa Willie, on the other hand, figured Roscoe for a reformed credit addict who swore off when he realized he couldn't handle the stuff.

Neither was right. The truth was that Roscoe never had a credit card or even a charge account in his life!

I know because he and I had a long talk about it. "Look, Roscoe," I said, man-to-man, "I read in the paper that the average American adult owns 4.2 credit cards. The least you could do is to make some oil company happy by putting a tank of gas on the tab."

"I can't afford a car," he said.

"Nonsense," I said. "A snazzy new model could be yours for only $300 a month."

"You mean $10,000," he said. "That's half-a-year's hard work."

"It's that kind of thinking that keeps you from living in a nice condominium for monthly payments of only $700. What's $700 to you?"

"It's $90,000," he said. "And that's more money than I've ever seen in my life. Do you realize I'd be in hock for the next thirty years?"

"The trouble with you, Roscoe," I said testily, "is that you look upon money as money. Money is not money. Money is a little plastic card that you hand somebody who gives you something and a month later you receive a bill which you pay by check—none of which has anything to do with money."

"I don't care," he said adamantly. "I'm my own man. I don't owe anyone a cent."

"Exactly," I said. "The rest of us Americans are billions of dollars in debt and spend millions on interest payments alone. And if we don't continue spending more than we have, the economists agree there's going to be a big recession. Now are you going to do your duty or aren't you?"

"A penny saved," said Roscoe, folding his arms, "is a penny earned."

Shortly after that we had a family conference about Roscoe's embarrassing attitude toward the American way of credit cards. In the end, we agreed we had no choice. We had him declared incompetent to handle his own affairs and committed to the Bonkers Happy Farm, where they charge $900 a month for his care.

It's a pity. For that kind of money, he could have bought a really great condominium. —John Keefauver

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SEX AS APPLE PIE

LAST YEAR, three hundred parents thronged the auditorium at the Word of Faith Christian Center in Detroit. They came to hear Detroit school-board president Gloria Cobbin defend the idea of putting "comprehensive health clinics" in two nearby high schools. She talked about teen death rates; she talked about suicide, accidents, and homicide; she talked about everything except what they considered the key issue: contraception. Then a black woman, who had become a single parent at 16 and a welfare-dependent soon thereafter, stood up: "I don't want my girls to make the same mistake I did. . . . But how am I going to teach them what's right if they put this clinic in the school and start passing out birth control?"

For Reverend Keith Butler, the dynamic black pastor of Word of Faith, it was a moment of triumph. The school board's proposal had the support of virtually all the Detroit establishment, including black community groups. But, in the end, Butler's coalition of 105 mostly black pastors won: the school board agreed that the health clinics would not promote birth control.

A similar battle is being re-enacted in many other American cities with as yet unknown results; school-based clinics (SBC), brainchild of the population-control movement, are fast becoming the latest educational craze. At the end of the 1987 school year, there were about 75 such clinics in operation nationally. By the time the school doors swing shut this year, the number will have doubled.

Most of the clinics are going into schools in poor, heavily black or Hispanic, inner-city neighborhoods. That may be, in part, because adolescent pregnancy rates are higher among the poor, but it also reflects a political reality: low-income families frequently don't have the clout to resist them. Birth-control clinics in ghetto schools may even be popular among more comfortable voters who are willing to concede that "those people" need them. But the current school-based-clinic campaign has provoked a powerful backlash among low-income parents who charge that public officials have given up on their children, offering them subsidized sex instead of an education. And it has created an intriguing new phenomenon: an emerging grassroots coalition between New Right activists and black and Hispanic inner-city parents.

In city after city, ghetto residents, generally led by inner-city pastors, have angrily rejected the views of black leaders who gave their imprimatur to school-based clinics. In Chicago's DuSable neighborhood, residents held petition drives and mass meetings (the clinics went in anyway). Parents of children at Chicago's largely Hispanic Orr High School held a mass rally against a clinic. Local politicians vowed to fight the proposal; a few days later the clinic opened for business. In New York City last spring, eight clinics were up and running before parents had even been informed of their existence.

"I've got a date with an angel. What have you done with my wings?"

Opponents of school-based clinics are beginning to gather some support from established black leaders. In Boston, Jack E. Robinson, then president of the local chapter of the NAACP, teamed up with Bernard Cardinal Law to defeat a clinic scheme. In New York City, Dr. Gwendolyn Baker, the only black school-board member, strongly opposed the clinics. Dr. Donald Smith, a former president of the National Alliance of Black School Educators, blasted school-based clinics as an effort to "curtail the black birth rate and control the population." *Washington Post* columnist William Raspberry has opposed school-based clinics.

Money, Prestige, Publicity

BUT MINORITY parents in poor neighborhoods face an uphill battle. School-based clinics are the darling of the population-control movement, which has national prestige, media support, and very deep pockets. The campaign for SBCs began in 1985 when an organization called the Center for Population Options (CPO) made the establishment of new clinics its top priority. Through its Support Center for School-Based Clinics, CPO put together funding, conferences, publicity, a network of contacts—in short, the wherewithal for waging a major national campaign. Financial support for the clinics is provided by a number of foundations interested in population-control measures. The Robert Wood Johnson Foundation has pledged $16.8 million to the school-based-clinics campaign, dangling start-up grants of up to $600,000 before revenue-hungry school boards. Established clinics go after a wide variety of public monies, from sources ranging from the Maternal and Child Health Block Grant to the Adolescent Family Life Act. At a 1985 conference, clinic directors were urged not to forget to "go after drug and alcohol money." Double-dipping

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at the public trough has important advantages for clinic operators: responsibility for and control over the clinics is diffused in a tangle of overlapping authorities.

A Foot in the Door

SOME CLINICS offer diagnostic services, or nutritional programs, or drug-abuse counseling. A few actually treat minor injuries and illnesses. There is just one service that is universally offered: contraceptive counseling and referral. "We can talk all day about the fact that we want to open up comprehensive services," says Sharon Lovick, director of the Support Center for School-Based Clinics. "But the main focus—the reason people put dollars into it—still turns on the hope, the expectation, that somehow you're going to do something about adolescent pregnancy."

That's not what clinic advocates tell parents, of course. "Most school-based clinics began by offering comprehensive health care, then added family-planning services later, at least partly in order to avoid local controversy," notes CPO Chairman Joy Dryfoos, (suggesting that Reverend Butler's victory in Detroit may be short-lived). In Illinois, clinic advocates won state funding by pointing to the high infant-mortality rate. In Alexandria, Virginia, they argued that the clinic was necessary because the city had no physicians specializing in adolescent medicine. In Meriden, Connecticut, the brochure outlining a new clinic at Platt High School did not even mention pregnancy, birth control, or abortion. Clinic advocates are acutely aware that if teen sex becomes an issue, school-based clinics are probably doomed.

So Kathleen Arnold-Sheeran, founder of the National Association of School-Based Clinics, urged SBC activists at a California workshop not to let Planned Parenthood affiliates take a visible role in initial planning: "Be willing to make compromises. Better something than nothing. Do not compromise on being in school. In Kansas City they met with religious leaders and agreed to leave out birth control. Eight months later, birth-control services were added. Get your foot in the door. Be trusted. Total health care means birth control."

Despite the current enthusiasm, there's little evidence that if preventing out-of-wedlock teen pregnancies is the goal, school-based clinics are the answer. Raw data suggest that, at least with respect to teenagers, any pregnancy-prevention strategy that relies on contraception is misguided. In 1981 and 1982, Title X federal family-planning funds dropped from $160 million to $124 million and the number of teens enrolled in birth-control clinics fell from 1.5 to 1.2 million. Teen pregnancy rates, instead of exploding, actually declined slightly. In 1983, when Title X funds started creeping back up, so did the number of out-of-wedlock teen pregnancies. Coincidence? Perhaps, but a similar pattern emerged in a state-by-state multivariate correlation study conducted by Stan Weed and Joseph Olson. They found, on the basis of 1980 statistics, that for every additional one thousand teenagers enrolled in clinic programs there were 77 fewer births to teenage mothers, but 46 more total pregnancies.

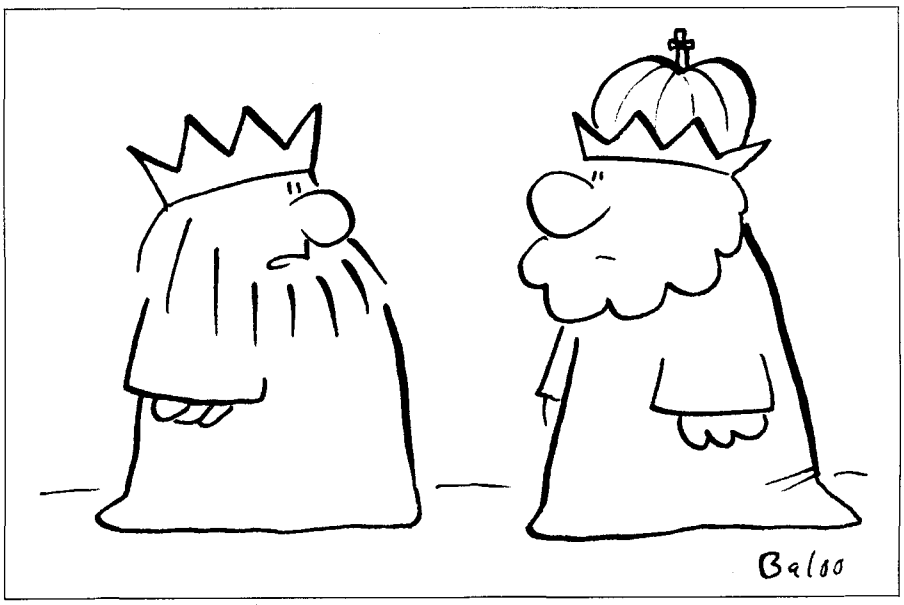
Despite major increases in contraceptive use among teens, the percentage of sexually active teenagers who become pregnant has remained remarkably constant. In four separate national studies from 1971 to 1982, the number of young women who had ever been premaritally pregnant was consistently three-tenths the number who had ever had intercourse. Even teenagers who are always-users of the pill have a pregnancy rate of about 7 per cent a year. Apparently, children who receive birth control have sex more often, keeping pregnancy rates about the same.

Not Counting Abortions . . .

DATA FROM pilot SBC projects tend to confirm this hypothesis. The pioneer St. Paul, Minnesota, clinic program claimed to have reduced the birth rate among students from 59 births per thousand to 37 per thousand. But this widely cited figure counts only live births among students who did not drop out of school. As Dr. Jane Hodgson noted at a 1980 conference of abortion providers: "If you will review the [St. Paul] figures, it was not a 50 per cent reduction in pregnancy rate . . . it was a 50 per cent reduction in fertility rate, which did not take into consideration, of course, the large number of abortions being performed on those students." The St. Paul program apparently failed to reduce pregnancy rates, even though, at about the same time, Minnesota's statewide rate of teen pregnancy fell by a remarkable 32 per cent—during the years (1981-1984) in which minors could not obtain abortions without parental consent.

The current highly touted success story is a Baltimore program in which pregnancy rates actually did appear to decline from 34 per cent in a baseline group to 25.3 per cent among those girls who completed the three-year program. (Only about one-third of the girls enrolled actually completed the cycle; the rest either dropped out of school or moved, and their pregnancies were not recorded.) The circum-

(Continues on page 57)



"Can I borrow five bucks until après le déluge?"

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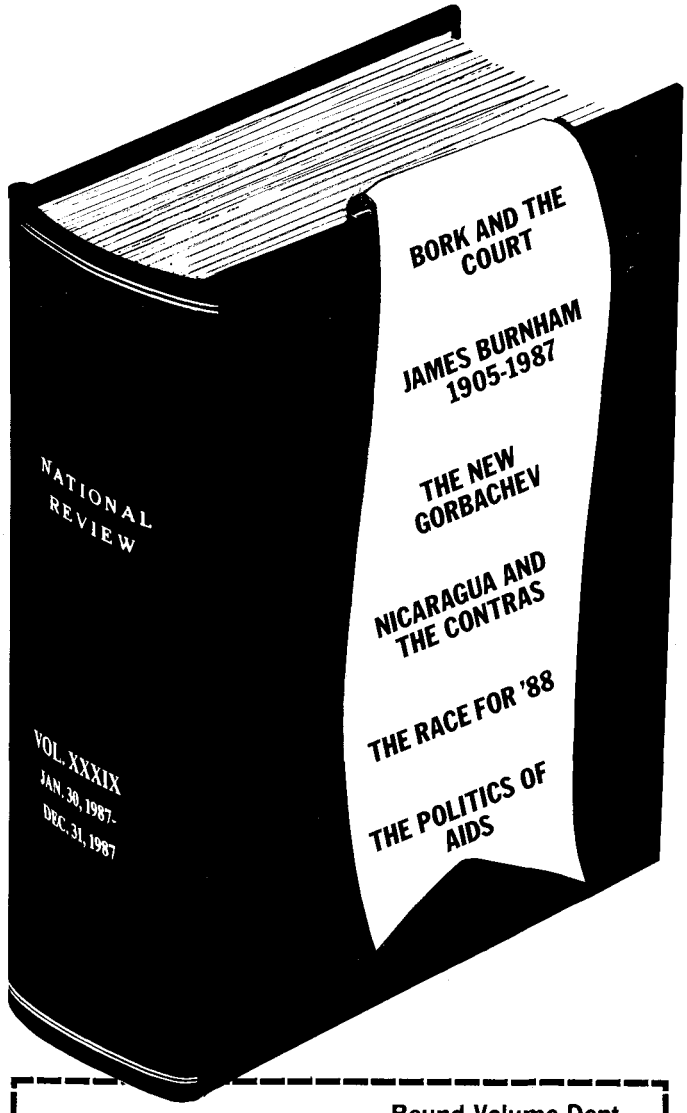

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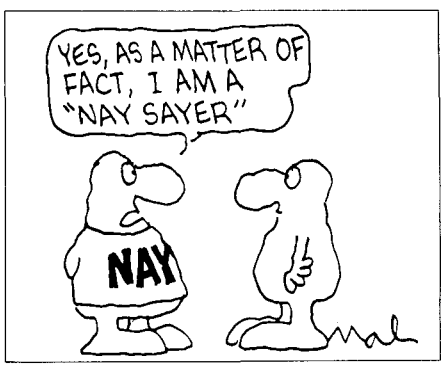
THE ALTRUISTIC PERSONALITY

ALMOST FIFTY years ago Theodor Adorno and his colleagues published *The Authoritarian Personality*. It was a big success. On the basis of hundreds of case studies it purported to prove that people had dramatically different personality structures. At one end of the spectrum were conservative and religious types who tended toward "fascism." That is the authoritarian personality. At the other end of the spectrum were fiercely independent folk who insisted on thinking for themselves and were wondrously tolerant. These were "genuine liberals." It all had to do, Adorno explained, with how successfully these individuals had worked out their Oedipal problems. Many people believed this theory, especially those who thought of themselves as genuine liberals.

Now, under the same auspices, a new study has appeared. *The Altruistic Personality: Rescuers of Jews in Nazi Europe* tells a quite different story. Written by Samuel and Pearl Oliner and published by Free Press, this research raises a fundamental challenge to what has passed for the "scientific study" of moral development. Adorno, later joined by authorities on "values education" such as the late Lawrence Kohlberg, suggested that moral maturity means moral autonomy. That is, the fully developed moral decision-maker is the unencumbered self who transcends communal conventions in order to determine the values and principles by which he will act. If this new study is to be believed—and it is very persuasive indeed—that theory of moral behavior has everything going for it except the empirical evidence.

The Oliners and their colleagues studied a set of hard cases that put theories to the test: people who, in Germany and German-occupied territories, rescued Jews from the Holocaust. Those who did so voluntarily, without hope of reward and at great risk to themselves and their families, display altruistic personalities. Although they were only a small fraction of the population, there were probably hundreds of thousands of such people. Most of them were engaged in rescue operations for two to five years, hiding Jews and helping them to escape. The stories of thousands of "righteous gentiles" are documented by the Israeli Holocaust memorial Yad va-Shem, and the Oliner study interviews seven hundred such rescuers in depth. Because the authors know their findings will be controverted, they are almost painfully rigorous in displaying their methodology and demonstrating how every piece of evidence and every alternative explanation has been carefully taken into account. (Fortunately, the graphs and sociologese are confined to a long appendix, so they do not get in the way of the argument or the very readable story.)

The purpose of the study was to find out what distinguished rescuers from nonrescuers. Why did a relatively small number of people exhibit an heroic capacity for self-transcendence in reaching out to help the Jews while the vast majority of their neighbors were indifferent, or worse? What in background, belief, interests, or connections goes into the making of the altruistic personality? The researchers "control" for factors such as class, age, educational level, political ideology, anti-Semitism, philo-Semitism, and occupation. None of these factors is of much help in distinguishing rescuers from nonrescuers. The evidence finally forces the conclusion that "what most distinguished the rescuers is that they lived in embedded relationships." Shaped by the teaching and example of "normocentric" communities, the rescuers readily understood the moral thing to do, and they did it. The most important "embedded relationship" was the family, and such families were typically marked by a deep religious commitment to caring about others. "It's not because I have an altruistic personality," says Dirk, a Dutch rescuer. "It's because I am an obedient Christian. The Lord wanted us to rescue those people and we did it."



THE "genuine liberal," the autonomous moral decision-maker, hardly makes an appearance among the rescuers. Perhaps there are not many people who fit the Adorno-Kohlberg description. Or perhaps, having transcended every moral community and convention, they are incapable of self-transcendence, for they have in truth transcended everything *except* the self. In any event, Adorno's genuine liberal and Kohlberg's morally developed were apparently doing less admirable things during the Holocaust.

Some may object that *The Altruistic Personality* is an elaborate exercise in demonstrating the obvious. Of course, they say, virtuous behavior is learned in communities of virtue. As the Preacher put it, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." But in a culture rapidly going mad we cannot afford to dismiss scientific exercises that might nudge some folk toward an acknowledgment of the obvious. *The Altruistic Personality* might even nudge some educators into rethinking models of moral development that render people unfit for moments of moral truth. □

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OUR TOWN

Joseph Sobran

The Power Game: How Washington Works, by Hedrick Smith (Random House, 793 pp., $22.50)

WHEN A journalist writes an eight-hundred-page book that isn't straight narrative, you expect muddle. Hedrick Smith's *The Power Game: How Washington Works* provides it. It's well organized but ill conceived, covering very little of Washington's real terrain (only sparse mention of the Supreme Court, for example). It focuses mostly on Congress and the Presidency.

About these Smith knows a lot. Until the other day he was the Washington bureau chief for the *New York Times*, and he has enough connections—access, as they say—to garner plenty of gossip. Maybe inevitably, most of his sources seem to be Democrats and disaffected former Reaganites. But on his limited turf, he's a sharp observer.

Smith understands how the informal rules of the game have changed lately; how Congress's power has grown; how staff power has grown too; how the old congressional barons' power has declined; how the media figure into it; the uses and pitfalls of secrecy, leaking, and stage management; the tactics of limiting or enlarging access and publicity; the role of money and PACs; the ways incumbents maximize their incumbency; the ways of building coalitions; the value of being prickly once you've amassed power.

Along the way, he says a good deal about how the Reagan Administration, though skillful at selling its message in its first years, has failed to grasp and use the new modes of power. It's interesting, but I think it fails to pinpoint the real problem, because Smith doesn't understand the real problem to be a problem.

Here is Smith at his sharpest:

> In short, the most vital ingredients of power are often the intangibles. Information and knowledge are power. Visibility is power. A sense of timing is power. Trust and integrity are power. Personal energy is power; so is self-confidence. Showmanship is power. Likability is power. Access to the inner sanctum is power. Obstruction and delay are power. Winning is power. Sometimes, the illusion of power is power.

Very good, though it verges on equating any helpful trait with power. Smith also notes that "network news coverage actually reinforces the established leadership," though "Washington is surprisingly open to newcomers." Becoming a newcomer is something else again: "Since the mid 1960s, 91 per cent of the House incumbents who sought re-election were successful. . . . The built-in resources of congressional office are so great that they scare off potential challengers." "On Wall Street," Smith notes, "passing insider information to others is an indictable offense. In Washingon, it is the regular stuff of the power game."

Power in Washington is far more dispersed than it used to be, and Smith sees this simply as an unfortunate condition. That's where things get rocky for his book. At times you're not sure whether he's complaining that there are too many powerful people in town, or what. He doesn't seem at all disturbed by the power of the Federal Government itself. Just the opposite, it turns out: government isn't "working," it seems, unless it's churning out laws with maximum efficiency, as the mint stamps out pennies.

He complains that partisan divisions produce "stalemate." We are "doomed" to "inconclusive quarrels; no struggle, however great, settles policy permanently. Year in, year out, we are burdened with endless ventilation of the same spent themes," among which he mentions abortion, military intervention abroad, and the role and size of government. He approvingly quotes Howard Baker: "Issues are like snakes—they just refuse to die! They keep coming back time after time."

So they do; and Smith's solution for this supposed problem is to return to the good old days, when a few insiders ran things according to their own consensus. He wants to "bring back the pros," give the parties a bigger say in the selection of candidates, and require voters to choose between "team tickets," with President, Vice President, senator, and House member on a single slate.

It doesn't even occur to him that voters may prefer and deserve the option of splitting the ticket and dividing power, or that it may be unhealthy, when the electorate is divided over basic principles, to lock government into a single policy. Issues recur because differences persist. Ours isn't a winner-

Jane Larkin Crain is a senior editor at Chelsea House Publishers.

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Paul Gottfried is co-author (with Thomas Fleming) of The Conservative Movement, *recently published by Twayne.*

Christopher Simonds was on the staff of NATIONAL REVIEW *from 1967 to 1973.*

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take-all system, and it wasn't meant to be. Smith gives a cursory nod to James Madison, then sets out to offer ways of circumventing his plan.

The people whose power Smith wants to curb are Washington's minor potentates and the voters themselves. Washington itself would "work" better if power were more concentrated. Any impediment to such a concentration is simply inefficiency, obstruction—bad.

No doubt this is how it seems to those who are most at home inside the Beltway and who find their plans constantly frustrated by meddling outside forces, such as the American people. To Smith it's the plainest common sense. He doesn't argue, he just assumes, because the alternative, for him, doesn't exist. Should the role and size of government be limited? That's just one of those "same spent themes" that annoyingly refuse to expire.

Astute readers will catch in Smith's "stalemate" an echo of James MacGregor Burns's "deadlock of democracy." Sure enough, Burns shows up in the text and bibliography as one of the book's guiding lights—the very soul of liberal complacency. Conservatives appear as "right-wingers," driven by (say) supply-side "theology," but controlling the scope of government is no more than a "policy," certainly not a philosophy to waste thought on.

If you think philosophically about government in Washington, you may feel as if you have two heads. But if you go native, as Smith has, your mind may become as amorphous as the city itself. In the capital, pragmatism means begging all the important questions. □

GOOD MARX, BAD KENNAN

Paul Gottfried

The Survival of the Adversary Culture, by Paul Hollander (Transaction, 256 pp., $27.95)

PAUL HOLLANDER'S latest book is primarily a collection of his essays drawn from newspapers and periodicals. The best of these essays, which overlap thematically with his most notable work, *Political Pilgrims* (1981), are worth reading once again. Hollander is properly known for his descriptions of Communist well-wishers searching everywhere for the revolutionary dream fulfilled. He does well what Joseph Sobran carries off even more pungently: depicting apparent *naïfs* who can never resist giving Communist dictators a second chance.

But alas, we've heard it all before! Though we may frown at the fools Hollander exposes, he does not reveal anything about them that most of his readers did not already know. His remarks on the counterculture are stale, they rarely go beyond summing up polemics that other neoconservatives have written while battling their cultural enemies. Hollander also has the bad habit of citing books without evaluating them. Though he discusses at length the provocative, carefully researched study by R. S. Lichter and Stanley Rothman of the specifically Jewish roots of the New Left, it is unclear whether or not he agrees with their conclusions. In the absence of explicit disagreement, I assume that he does. But if so, there is nothing to suggest that Lichter and Rothman influenced any of the judgments Hollander offers about the counterculture elsewhere in the book.

One suspects that this collection was funded and published for the same reason that Sidney Hook wrote the foreword: because the author expresses the now-fashionable views of an anti-Communist social democrat. In his comments on Hook's *Marxism and Beyond*, Hollander praises Hook as "a defender of the humanist legacy of Marx against those who sought to legitimate their inhumane policies by his ideas." Moreover, Hook "also teaches us how to distinguish the liberating, democratic ideals of socialism from the wide variety of misuses they have been subjected to in our time, both as vindications of tyranny and escapist fantasies of limitless 'self-realization.' "

Behind the tortured syntax looms

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ LAST MAY TITLES: In *The Cocaine Wars: Murder, Money, Corruption, and the World's Most Valuable Commodity* (Norton, $18.95), Paul Eddy, Hugo Sabogal, and Sara Walden—all three residents of Miami, where they report on local drug-trafficking activities for the London *Sunday Times*—examine the working of "the Cartel" of Medellín, Colombia, the growing Bahamian connection, and other subjects, and conclude that the Reagan Administration is losing its much-publicized fight against the international drug-running network.

Vietnam at War: The History, 1946-1975 (Presidio, $27.50), by Lieutenant General Phillip B. Davidson (who served as chief of intelligence under General Westmoreland from May 1967 almost to the end of 1969), describes the means by which the North Vietnamese General Vo Nguyen Giap formulated a military strategy to defeat two French generals and two American ones: a formulation to which, the author believes, there is in fact "no known proven counter-strategy."

In *Soul of the Tiger: Searching for Nature's Answers in Exotic Southeast Asia* (Doubleday, $19.95), Jeffrey A. McNelly and Paul Spencer Wachtel describe the relationship that exists in Southeast Asia between human beings and nature, and conclude that penetration by the marketplace is rapidly eroding some of the world's most remote areas.

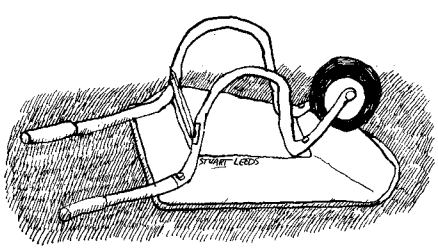
Chaliapin: A Critical Biography (Knopf, $45), by Victor Borovsky, is an excellent biography of the Russian operatic bass Feodor Chaliapin (1873-1938), a great singer and actor who revolutionized opera in his time in much the same way that Maria Callas did in hers.

☐ COMING IN JUNE: *Thank God for the Atom Bomb, and Other Essays* (Summit, $17.95), by Paul Fussell, consists of pieces by the distinguished conservative cultural critic, on Truman's decision to drop the atom bomb, George Orwell, the distinction between tourism and travel, Carl Sandburg as a propagandist, and other topics.

In *Discos and Democracy: China in the Throes of Reform* (Pantheon, $19.95), Orville Schell describes a society in which the dynamism of Communist revolution is being transferred to the thrust of capitalism and consumerism, unattended however by any spirit of intellectual independence and democratic freedom. —CW

Hollander's hope that the "good" Marx will be vindicated from all misrepresentations of socialist humanism. Like other anti-Soviet leftists, Hollander sees contemporary America's struggle with the Communist world as one between a democratic Marxism on the one hand and a disfigured Marxism on the other. He believes (as far as I can tell) that there is nothing seriously wrong with either the American welfare state or present-day American society, except for the quarrelsome, "alienated" intellectuals he finds on the Right, as well as on the Left.

In several chapters he gracelessly attacks George F. Kennan, an aged social conservative who has strayed grievously into error on the subject of the Soviet Union. Kennan's advocacy of détente has, admittedly, often revealed a moral insensitivity to the victims of Communism, which Hollander is certainly justified in criticizing. Even so, the repetitious scolding and the symbolic importance Hollander attaches to the man suggest his encumbrance with an *idée fixe*. Hollander accurately describes Kennan as someone "not primarily troubled by inequalities. His main concern lies with standards: moral, cultural, educational, aesthetic, or environmental. Their decline is at the root of his critique of American society." Hollander bristles at Kennan's unwillingness to treat the Soviet persecution of dissidents as a matter for international concern: "By Mr. Kennan's criteria, one is unable to censure South African whites who repress and murder blacks, because they feel threatened by the prospect of revolution and loss of power."



Even more obnoxious to Hollander than Kennan's implicit softness on South Africa is his pessimism about the continuing American experiment. Kennan has stated that American internal decay—which he associates with violent crime, pornography, drug abuse, and the breakdown of families—may threaten us even more than the Soviet military does. Of course, nothing in this indictment would offend even so hardened a cold-warrior as Pat Buchanan, who laments the same evils in his just-published autobiography. All the same, Hollander seems intent on finding a link between criticism of contemporary American society from a relentlessly conservative perspective and the abandonment of an anti-Soviet foreign policy. For Hollander, such a link may indeed be necessary. Like Hook, he strains to present the struggle against Soviet Communism as a crusade of the democratic Left.

Nonetheless, the example of Kennan may suggest an emerging pattern. Hollander is correct to assert (however tendentiously he makes the point) that virulent social critics of the United States are not likely to demand an aggressive global foreign policy. Though most paleoconservatives have not followed Kennan over the precipice, the increasing identification of the cold war with international democratism and with the defense of contemporary American life could lead to a renewal of isolationism among members of the Old Right. Something like this is likely to happen, in fact, if the cold war becomes identified exclusively with values that the Old Right rejects both at home and elsewhere.

Despite the general absence of original scholarship, *The Survival of the Adversary Culture* may contain startling news for at least one benighted group: those who still believe all anti-Communists are alike. As for those who may be led to compare these essays to James Burnham's *Suicide of the West*, invincible ignorance can be the only possible excuse. ☐

THE EMPIRE ON SCHEDULE

Maggie Gallagher

Afghanistan: The Great Game Revisited, edited by Rosanne Klass (Freedom House, 519 pp., $29.95)

ONCE UPON a time there was, well—not exactly an *evil* empire, but still a very, very naughty one. By accident, this great power stumbled into a war with a bunch of fierce, fanatical, half-savage Muslims in a far-off land called Afghanistan. The noble savages kept fighting and fighting. Realizing the futility of war, the good Prince Gorbachev graciously decided to withdraw his troops and Give Peace a Chance: proving once again that The

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People, United, Can Never Be Defeated.

A pretty story, and one the American press (not to mention the American diplomatic corps) seems to have swallowed, hook, line, and sinker. Most fairy tales are harmless, but this one may lead the U.S. into betraying a whole people. As one contributor to this volume puts it, "Tragic is an overused adjective, but there is no better way to describe what is happening in Afghanistan." In *Afghanistan: The Great Game Revisited*, Rosanne Klass has addressed the issue of Afghanistan by pulling the expertise of over a dozen scholars into one essential volume.

Brutal Soviet tactics—terrorizing civilians, depopulating whole regions—have as yet failed to overpower the Afghan resistance. But neither have the *mujahedin* succeeded in making the Soviets pay a high cost—either militarily or diplomatically—for invading Afghanistan. That, of course, is not what you read in the papers, which portray the Geneva accord as an unalloyed triumph for the *mujahedin*. In a chapter on Soviet military strategy in Afghanistan, Yossef Bodansky points out:

> The chief purpose of those Soviet forces dedicated to confronting the resistance has been to deny it access to Soviet strategic assets, using the least possible Soviet force in order to avoid casualties and wastage of Soviet military assets. In this they have been highly successful. As of this writing, the resistance has been unable to hit any major Soviet installations, to interrupt the economic exploitation of Afghanistan, or to prevent major troop movements and maneuvers. The Soviets can move anywhere in the country as long as they are willing to pay the price. As Professor Rabbani, head of the Jamiat Islami Resistance party, admitted, "the Soviets feel comfortable in Afghanistan."

So if the Soviets aren't in fact taking a terrible beating in Afghanistan, what accounts for Mikhail Gorbachev's apparent willingness to pull out? *The Great Game Revisited* may provide a partial answer. Far from having learned the "lessons of Vietnam" from its experience in Afghanistan, the Kremlin sees the war as an extension of its earlier campaign to pacify Muslim unrest in what are now the so-called constituent republics of Soviet Central Asia—which were once independent nations. From this perspective, the Afghan war appears to the Kremlin to be running just about on schedule. As the civilian Afghan population is beaten or starved into submission, the resistance "is ever more dependent on open lines of communications with Pakistan for its very survival . . . Russian and Soviet forces have completely crushed all past Muslim insurrections the moment they managed to isolate them from external support." The current peace agreement offers the Kremlin the chance to do just that. It isolates the *mujahedin* diplomatically: Pakistan and the U.S., by accepting the accord, recognize the legitimacy of the current Communist government. That means that the string of treaty agreements virtually incorporating northern Afghanistan into the USSR remains intact. With the Soviet soldiers out, the *mujahedin* will be encouraged to fight among themselves—in an extension of the divide-and-conquer strategy that worked so well for Stalin in subduing the Muslims of Central Asia. Then, a few years down the road, as disorder mounts, the Afghan Communist regime will, quite easily and with perfect legality, invite the Russians back to keep order. No invasion, no uproar, just a complete Soviet victory.

To some, that may sound like an unnecessarily black scenario—but not to those who have taken the time to study *The Great Game Revisited*. The history of Soviet involvement in Afghanistan is the story of crafty, farsighted diplomacy with one consistent goal: the subordination of Afghanistan. In one particularly trenchant chapter, "The Sovietization of Afghanistan," A. Rasul Amin points out that the Soviets have invested a great deal of capital in programs designed to destroy the Afghans as a people: programs that range from bringing religious leaders under state control, rewriting Afghan history, and making Russian the common language, to forcibly removing children from their parents for re-education in the Soviet Union. "The USSR has designed and is implementing a massive program intended to deprive the Afghans of their cultural heritage and their very identity, and to transform Afghanistan into a passive future instrument of Soviet policy," notes Amin. "When Soviet leaders hint at a possible willingness

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to withdraw military forces, they say nothing about withdrawing their second army—the army of social and cultural transformation, spearheaded by the KGB—or dismantling the programs designed to accomplish this end."

If there is one fact *The Great Game Revisited* makes clear, it is that our persistent effort to view all foreign affairs—even Soviet foreign policy—through the lens of Vienam blinds us to the subtle realities of Soviet domination. The current generation of opinion-makers in the U.S. can't resist the temptation to experience the great triumph of their adolescence—Vietnam—all over again. And once again, a faraway people, whose pain is conveniently distant from the glare of TV lights, will have to endure the consequences. □

HAGIOGRAPHER WITH A HAMSTRING

Christopher Simonds

William F. Buckley Jr.: Patron Saint of the Conservatives, by John B. Judis (Simon & Schuster, 528 pp., $22.95)

MUSA LABORAVIT, and has brought forth . . . not much: 471 inaptly titled pages (plus impedimenta) of murk and mumble out of which the reviewer staggers, his basket filled to overflowing with freshly-picked nits.

First, the style. We can dispose of that swiftly: there isn't one. Declarative sentences, one after another after another, swim before the eye like great grey dugongs in aimless procession. Some are more dreadful than others: "Except for his oldest son, he had no interest in forcing his children to follow his own path." "By the end of Johnson's term, the society was in a kind of turmoil that it had not experienced since the 1930s." We read of a book's "final conclusion"; Buckley's father dies "without ever regaining consciousness"; Judis locates "a small island off Long Island Sound." People are forever "quipping"; anti-Semitism is invariably "virulent." Look for felicity of style only in the quotations from others.

Every so often, perhaps reminded that he's supposed to be writing, not merely typing, Mr. Judis tosses off a cliff-hanger end-of-the-chapter socko sentence that leaves us on the edge of our chaise longue: "These were words that Buckley and the magazine's editors would eventually rue." My own favorite: "But the worst was yet to come." He is the Danielle Steel of biography.

If style eludes the author, may we not expect something in the way of startling revelations, light in dark corners, or just interesting new information—especially from a book years in the making (Mr. Judis interviewed me forever ago) and, as they used to say in Hollywood, with a cast of thousands? Mr. Judis has industriously read everything ever written by or about Buckley; he has had access to the Buckley papers; he seems to have interviewed anyone who would sit still. Most of his interlocutors have, however, been interviewed before or have themselves committed their Buckley chitchat to print. It is all here, from the Vargas girls in the Reverend Mr. Cotter's Bible right up to late 1986, but little is new. Mr. Judis tells his tale at unnecessary length; even without the silly digressions (the intelligent reader needn't be told who Trotsky was) and the pauses to pontificate, the book would be too long by half.

For all the glut of detail, Mr. Judis elides some important matters. The death of Buckley's sister Aloïse goes unmentioned, as does Buckley's trip, with the entire *NR* staff in tow, to the Soviet Union in 1975. There is only the most perfunctory mention of thoroughly modern Jeffrey Hart, whose influence on Buckley and *NR* in the 1980s, while not as pervasive as that of Burnham and Whittaker Chambers earlier, has surely been significant.

On many points of fact, Mr. Judis is simply mistaken. He claims, for example, that Priscilla Buckley and James Burnham ran NATIONAL REVIEW's "day-to-day affairs" through the 1960s and 1970s. Not so, at least from 1967 to 1973, when Burnham was in the office only two or three days a week. Off-weeks, he prepared the *Bulletin*; magazine weeks, he wrote editorials and paragraphs and, when Bill Buckley was absent, edited the front of the book. His influence on the magazine and on Buckley was great, but he was not a slogger in the trenches.

The author's analytical powers are not impressive. Time and again he offers interpretations of his subject's behavior and beliefs that are dubious at best. He theorizes that Buckley "couldn't help but identify with McCarthy . . . [whom] he saw . . . as a Catholic who had the same burning hatred of Communism that he had." To assert that because of common faith and attitudes either "identified" with the other pushes it.

Elsewhere, apropos of *Life* magazine's facile comparison of the Buckleys and the Kennedys (touch football and all that), Mr. Judis opines that "Buckley was not pleased by the comparison of his family with an upwardly mobile Irish-Catholic family." Given Buckley's documented ability to find friends, dinner companions, sailing buddies, and intellectual soul-mates anywhere and everywhere along the social/ethnic/religious spectrum, the insinuation that the aristocratic Buckley found the Kennedys objectionable as shanty Irish rather than as a metastasizing political disaster is nastily incorrect.

Here and there, Mr. Judis is on the mark, or near it. His discussion of the Gore Vidal brouhaha of 1968 as a turning point in Buckley's career is intelligent; the flap indeed "raised the question of what [Buckley] had lost as well as gained in becoming a public celebrity." (Is there such a thing as a

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private celebrity?) But then he leaps to the conclusion, which he stuffs into Hugh Kenner's mouth, that Buckley "had subordinated his politics to his personality . . . [and] was not articulating conservatism, but [Kenner's words] 'playing William F. Buckley.'"

In fact, Buckley has from his position as a "celebrity" done far more to advance, if not to articulate, conservatism than he might have done as an academic or as the leader of a small, perfectionist cult. Cluckings that, but for the television camera and the popular press, he might have been the next Eric Voegelin seem trivial coming from the Right; coming from the Left, they are disingenuous: Yes, wouldn't it be dandy if Buckley had, back in whenever, chucked it all and gone off to the College of St. Dymphna to write *The Revolt against the Masses.* Meanwhile, Walter Mondale, President for Life . . .

Mr. Judis is a clucker from the Left, bet on it. His book passes two key litmus tests. First, there is his autoerotic fascination with McCarthy and "McCarthyism": back then, "McCarthy was on the verge of becoming the most powerful politician in America," a "national leader" of the "Republican Right," and don't forget the damage, "from ruined reputations and lost livelihoods to suicides." Sheep-dip.

Test two is the Peculiar Pendulum: never in Mr. Judis's book and in his ideological universe does anyone move to the left. One moves to the right, or one moves to the center (sometimes the "great center"). Buckley's own seeming oscillations baffle Judis into unaccustomed silence. The best he can do is borrow, over and over again, Chambers's distinction between paradigmatic and expediential conservatism: between what ideally ought to be and what realistically can be done. When Buckley is good, he is expediential; when he puts on his feathers and comes whooping down from the reservation to tattoo AIDS victims or whatever, he is paradigmatic. I keep imagining Mr. Judis's Buckleys over breakfast:

"How are you feeling today, Ducky?"

"A tad paradigmatic."

"Oh, *do* try to be expediential—the Qaddafis are coming for dinner."

And so we arrive, out of breath not to mention patience, at Mr. Judis's predictable thesis: Buckley is no longer the shaper and leader of the conservative movement, whatever that is, which is dead and gone anyway: "The establishment that Buckley had once attacked had become his own." Never mind that this establishment is never defined—is it the Yale old-boy network? the socialist Left of the Democratic Party? the East Coast "media elite"? the Bilderbergers? Buckley, gulled by the con men Nixon and Kissinger, betrayed by the dimwit Reagan, despised and rejected by the meat-'n'-spuds Right, is no longer a McCarthyite menace; he is expediential, safe.

Now, Mr. Judis would be the last to suggest that the Left is packing it in. The Soviet enterprise, ghastly in its new cosmetics, remains in business. The counterculture of the 1960s looks to be slouching down the comeback trail. And Buckley is temperamentally, viscerally incapable of perching, idle and featherless, on his media pedestal through the horrors and follies that the 1990s are sure to bring. Don't count him out. □

WHAT BECOMES A LEGEND LEAST

Jane Larkin Crain

Lillian Hellman: Her Legend and Her Legacy, by Carl Rollyson (St. Martin's, 613 pp., $24.95)

Mary McCarthy: A Life, by Carol Gelderman (St. Martin's, 448 pp., $24.95)

In February of 1980, Lillian Hellman sued Mary McCarthy for libel, asking $2.25 million in damages. During an interview on the Dick Cavett Show, pressed by Cavett to name some contemporary writers with inflated reputations, Miss McCarthy had mentioned Miss Hellman, calling her a "holdover, . . . tremendously overrated, a bad writer, and a dishonest writer. . . . Every word she writes is a lie, including 'and' and 'the.'" Miss Hellman died four years later, before the case ever came to trial.

Although Miss McCarthy and Miss Hellman were not rivals at the time in any active or public sense, the fundamental political differences that divided them went back to the 1930s, Miss McCarthy having been a stalwart of the anti-Communist Left, Miss Hell-

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man an eager champion of Stalinist Russia. It was not, however, Miss Hellman's politics that provoked Miss McCarthy's quip, but her self-promoting pretensions to heroic honesty, most of which had been bodied forth in her best-selling series of memoirs.

In these works, described by Carl Rollyson as a virtual fictionalization of Miss Hellman's past, Miss Hellman was everywhere at pains to present herself as a paragon of fearless candor. Particularly in *Scoundrel Time*—her vision of her appearance before the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1952 and the political career that had led up to it—she paints herself as a martyr to integrity, claiming that she had performed with brave defiance, while "scoundrels"—ex-Communists—had cravenly cooperated with the investigations.

Like all her self-dramatizations, the persona she created in *Scoundrel Time* was swallowed whole by her legion of middlebrow devotees, an audience conditioned by the same lack of political and literary sophistication that had allowed her grand successes as a popular playwright and well-paid screenwriter. Added to this was the fact that by the late 1960s and early 1970s, the same highbrow critics who would surely have disdained her plays were now eager to lionize her as a memoirist. Thus, as Rollyson points out, by the mid 1970s Miss Hellman's reputation had achieved legendary proportions. She had become that peculiarly American creature, a "star," receiving a standing ovation at an Academy Awards ceremony; appearing in the "What Becomes a Legend Most?" ad campaign for Maximilian furs; fêted, feared, and indulged in both Hollywood and New York.

To an extent, Rollyson is diligent and fair-minded in attempting to unearth the "real" Lillian Hellman from under the mystique she and her fans did so much to perpetuate. First, he undertakes an earnest, plodding critical exposition of her plays, claiming for them a high drama and literary seriousness that, unfortunately, the texts themselves simply will not support. He is vexed by, but can do little to refute, the familiar charge that Miss Hellman's work is mostly crowd-pleasing melodrama.

When he turns to Miss Hellman's reincarnation as a memoirist, he is on even shakier ground. Willing, it should be acknowledged, to explore the controversy over just how much in Miss Hellman's remembrances is *true*, he nonetheless seems to conclude that it really doesn't matter. Thus:

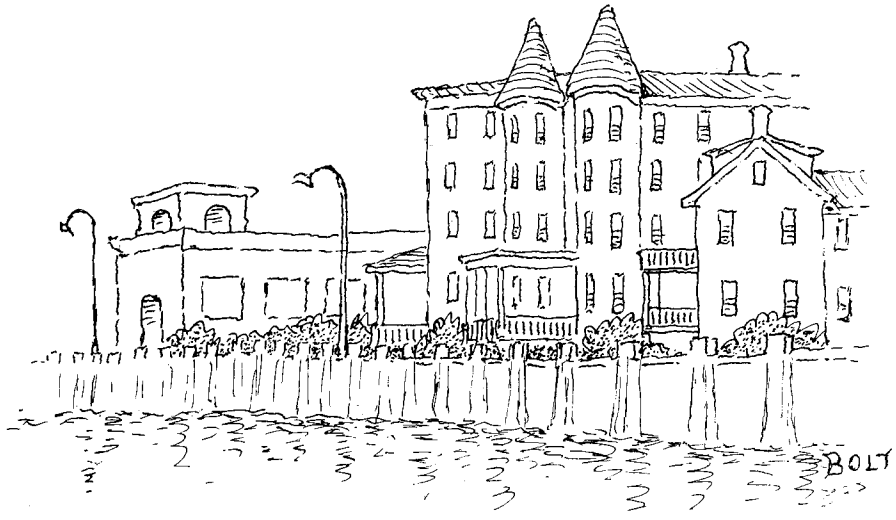
> For readers . . . who see Julia [a supposed heroine of the anti-Nazi resistance in Europe with whom Hellman claimed to have worked as a courier] as central to all of Hellman's work—as I do—the fictionalizing that assuredly took place seems less important than the artistic and biographical truth that, for Lillian Hellman, Julia was real.

This idea is a measure of Rollyson's naïveté: so seriously does he take this woman as an artist that he regards her stunning hypocrisies and duplicities as legitimate literary devices.

The falsehoods that riddle Miss Hellman's memoirs have been well documented, most satisfyingly by Samuel McCracken in *Commentary*. Even if Miss Hellman had *not* been a mediocre writer and thinker, it would take a more adroit critic and apologist than Rollyson to rationalize her shameless distortions of political history.

As for politics, Rollyson readily admits that Miss Hellman had no head for it, agreeing with Norman Podhoretz's assessment in *Breaking Ranks*: "Her own radicalism was real, but it lacked content: it was a disposition, a stance, an attitude, and yet not the less persistent for its substantive emptiness." Rollyson also savages *Scoundrel Time*, agreeing with Hilton Kramer that it is "one of the most pernicious and dishonest testaments ever written by an American author." In fact, Miss Hellman's Stalinism is the only lastingly significant thing about her, and this because it is emblematic of the menacing, perhaps mortal, machinations of the American Left—Old, New, Communist, and anti-Communist alike. To be sure, the anti-Communist Left during the 1930s and beyond was intellectually and morally distinguishable from Miss Hellman and others like her. But in hindsight, the naïve utopianism and reflexive anti-Americanism of the anti-Communist Left has probably done as much—if not, by virtue of its insidiousness, more—damage to liberty and democracy both here and abroad than the cloak-and-dagger plottings of those Americans who were actually under Party discipline.

On this issue—the role of the Left in modern American history—Rollyson is muddled and confused. He concludes his assessment by noting that Miss Hellman's "rage was cosmic; it came from a deep reservoir of hate over everything that makes this an unjust world." This of a woman who he also claims "was never able to have anything more than a lover's quarrel with the Soviet Union." Surely it is Miss Hellman's hatred for her own country—despite the luxuries, honors, and privileges it showered on her—that animated her life and work. On this central truth, Rollyson sheds no light.



LIKE MISS HELLMAN, Mary McCarthy is a woman with an enormous talent for living. Carol Gelderman captures both the outline and the substance of her subject's experience of life with an almost novelistic amplitude, and attends to the substance of her work with elegant critical precision. As Miss Gelderman documents, Miss McCarthy—with her broad circle of friends and acquaintances both here

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and abroad, elegant residences on two continents, extensive travel, exquisite social life, and so forth—has reaped most of the rewards that the literary life has to offer.

To be sure, Miss McCarthy is no mere "personality." She has the genuine snob's contempt for celebrity, and disdains the public side of literary life as "tinny" and "corrosive." Her novels and stories are marked, in William Barrett's words, by "wit, sharp observation, extraordinary intelligence, an unflagging brilliance and elegance of language; they lack only the simple virtue of feeling." Indeed, Miss McCarthy's coldness and acidity have long been her signature, however much this public stance may be at odds with what her biographer assures us is Miss McCarthy's private graciousness and generosity of spirit.

By now, given her several memoirs, the misery of Mary McCarthy's childhood is well known. Orphaned at six, she was consigned to the care of physically and emotionally abusive guardians, and rescued by her maternal grandparents only after beatings and other cruelties had left their mark. But her impulse to embrace the world headlong had not been destroyed. Miss McCarthy has an insatiable appetite for experience.

But her career is fatally marred by a political stupidity that overshadows her literary accomplishments and betrays whatever courage and rectitude she may have demonstrated in her earlier stand against Communism. I refer, of course, to the bizarre born-again radicalism triggered in her by the Vietnam War. On assignment for *The New York Review of Books*, she traveled to Hanoi in 1967, and from there wrote to a friend: North Vietnam is "the only 'people's democracy' I've ever seen that's run on aristocratic principles and largely by aristocratic persons with a traditional code of manners and morals." She also reported that the North Vietnamese exercised power with "a kind of tentativeness and respect for limit." On the horror and ruin that have overrun Southeast Asia in the wake of America's ignominious retreat, we have yet to hear from Mary McCarthy. Nor does her biographer come to terms with this issue, or even begin to address the larger political arena in which Miss McCarthy has played her part. Like Miss Hellman, she is worthy of attention mostly because she epitomizes a ruinous strain in our political life and because the errors of her ways have been so gravely consequential to us all. □

FAMILY-PLANNING AT FIRST SIGHT

Jeffrey Giles

The Fifth Child, by Doris Lessing (Knopf, 133 pp., $16.95)

HARRIET AND David Lovatt won't stop having children. Throughout the "greedy and selfish Sixties," Harriet had been an anomaly: a Fifties throwback, an uptight wallflower, and, frankly, a husband-hound. David was an architect, a "judicious" drinker, and a "non-dancer." At the opening of Doris Lessing's latest novel, *The Fifth Child,* Harriet and David meet at a party and it's family-planning at first sight. They get married and set out to do the only thing either one seems capable of: tirelessly and ruthlessly churn out babies.

It has always been difficult to know what Doris Lessing will do next. She is an impatient, itinerant writer whose quest for perspective has taken her all over the map, both stylistically and politically. Perhaps the most surprising thing about *The Fifth Child*, then, is that it is quite *un*surprising. Harriet is a familiar heroine for Miss Lessing. Like Alice Mellings from her earlier novel, *The Good Terrorist*, Harriet is the kind of heroine Miss Lessing uses to make a point. She is moody, stressed out, misunderstood by everyone, and inexplicably dull. David, unfortunately, doesn't fare as well. He is petty and selfish, and it's a safe bet that if Miss Lessing had given him a soul to sell, it would have gone to the devil long ago. For at least half of this slim, 133-page novel, the Lovatts seem little more than the butt of a joke about the nasty things that happen to people "brainwashed into believing family life is best."

Harriet and David have four children in the first six years of their marriage—each with "wispy fair hair and blue eyes and pink cheeks." While their in-laws are footing the bills and doing most of the housework, they spend their time collecting firewood and making jam. In these

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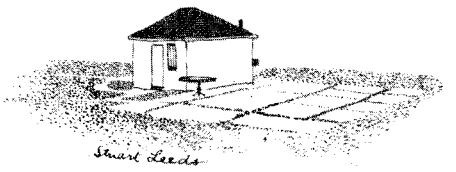
opening sections, Miss Lessing treats her characters with such disrespect that the reader can't help but cringe at the wicked fate she is surely arranging for them.

The Lovatts' fate is not long in coming. Harriet and David accidentally conceive a fifth child and Harriet's pregnancy is so extraordinarily painful that even Miss Lessing begins to feel sorry for her. The book finally divests itself of its smugness and the prose takes on a new energy: "People in passing cars would turn, amazed, to see this hurrying driven woman, white-faced, hair flying, open-mouthed, panting, arms clenched across her front. . . . Sometimes [Harriet] believed hooves were cutting her tender inside flesh, sometimes claws."

But just as Miss Lessing hits her stride, Ben is born and the novel goes utterly awry. Ben is such a preternaturally ugly and violent baby that Harriet is moved to remark, "He's like a troll, or a goblin, or something." Soon he's drinking ten bottles of milk a day and pulling toys apart with his bare hands. Try as they might, the doctors can't find anything wrong with him. And, for a while at least, the



Lovatts put up with "Neanderthal baby," even as he emits "thick, raucous cries" and gives everybody "the creeps."

Predictably, the Lovatts turn out to be no match for Ben. How could they be? At one, Ben strangles both the cat and the dog. At six, he is hanging out on the street and "rush[ing] about on motorbikes or in borrowed cars." For someone with the right sense of humor, reading *The Fifth Child* can be an unbearably funny enterprise. Black comedy, of course, is not what Miss Lessing has in mind. She means to demonstrate the frailty—indeed the irrelevance—of traditional family roles in a world of "killing and hijackings; murders and thefts and kidnappings." Ben is the Lovatts' punishment "for thinking we could be happy. Happy because *we* decided we would be."

As the novel progresses, Harriet is overwhelmed with guilt at having given birth to such a shocking child. The "normal" society she lives in is more than willing to let her accept the responsibility. David is the worst of all. When Harriet refers to Ben as "our child," he responds, "Well, he certainly isn't mine." Eventually, David convinces Harriet to have Ben sent away to an institution where an indifferent staff will attempt to drug him into submission, then death.

Lessing has always written about women with candor and fierce loyalty. Her novel *The Golden Notebook*, for example, is a stunning, encyclopedic re-evaluation of gender roles. In *The Fifth Child*, Lessing again writes with considerable force as Harriet rejects the role she has been given as a woman and a mother. In the end, however, Lessing reinforces the very sexual stereotypes she appears to be battling. Harriet goes to reclaim her son, and the message seems to be that she alone *is* responsible for Ben's abnormality, and that women really *are* —above all else—mothers and wives. The novel complains about sexual stereotypes and conventional household politics, but it never manages to elude them.

Miss Lessing attempted to sketch out an alternative vision of the family in *The Good Terrorist* and was blunt about the difficulties such a project entails. In that book, Alice Mellings establishes a commune, hoping to come home at night "lit with the exaltation that comes from a day's satisfactory picketing and demonstrating and marching." With her young friends, she embraces every social issue she can think of: the plight of Ireland, the dumping of radioactive waste, "the ill-treatment of calves and chickens." Ultimately, however, concepts like family and property are just too strongly engrained: Alice's politics become fuzzy, and her commune becomes more and more like the Lovatts' house.

But while *The Good Terrorist* and *The Golden Notebook* are candid about personal and political conflicts, *The Fifth Child* is never anything more than vindictive. At times, the tone is arrogant and superior. At others, the prose is so lukewarm that one wants to blame the translator, only there isn't one: "It was a windy cold night, just after Christmas. The room was warm and wonderful. David wept. Dorothy wept. Harriet laughed and wept."

Miss Lessing has written more imaginatively and far more perceptively in the past. *The Fifth Child* is as angry a book as she has written, but in the end, the anger serves no purpose. There are no answers here—even the questions are hard to identify. Like Ella in *The Golden Notebook*, Doris Lessing seems to have found herself at an impasse: "All the time I'm thinking, we are all obsolete. What sort of doctor is it who sees his patients as symptoms of a world sickness?" □

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FILM

CLIPPED WINGS

John Simon

THE TITLE *38: Vienna before the Fall* would not be especially catchy for a documentary; for a fiction film, it is deplorable. The movie is based on a novel by the writer, dramatic critic, and editor Friedrich Torberg, *This Too Was Vienna*, and this, too, should have been the film's title. I once spent a

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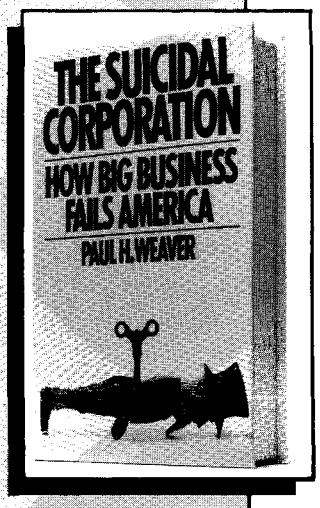
very pleasant day with Torberg in Vienna and hope that this witty, wily man is still alive, although this kind of title change usually occurs over a writer's dead body.

The story takes place during late 1937 and early 1938, just before the *Anschluss* made Austria part of the German Reich, and Hitler, enthusiastically welcomed by most of the population, rode imperiously into the country whose motto had been, "The whole world is subject to Austria." Since the majority of Austrians out-Nazied the Germans—Hitler, after all, was one of *theirs*—it is amazing to what extent the Jews of Austria tended to be blind to what was coming. Had the announced and, subsequently, canceled plebiscite taken place, the result would have been scarcely different. Some Jews, as *38* makes clear, did get the message, to be sure; many more didn't, among them the movie's hero, Martin Hofmann, a successful young playwright whose Jewish parents converted to Christianity shortly after his birth, and who was duly baptized in infancy.

Martin is happily in love with Carola Hell, one of Vienna's leading actresses, who is Aryan and favors an affair over marriage. Excitedly, Martin reports finding a terrific apartment into which they could move and even be married in; it is in a building Mozart used to walk past three times daily (which suggests that Wolfgang Amadeus did not spend many nights at home). But Carola protests that she has to travel a lot—just now she is about to play Lessing's Emilia Galotti in Berlin—and sharing an apartment might be an inconvenience. In a beautiful Viennese park, the lovers have their first quarrel, and Wolfgang Glück, who directed from his own screen adaptation, has the good sense to use many medium-long shots, framing the argument with opulent flora and graceful fountains to suggest trouble in paradise.

Eventually, Carola changes her mind, and the two set up housekeeping (though not matrimony) among sinister portents. The janitor of the Mozart-eyeballed building is a grumbling anti-Semite, his venom barely checked by servility. Among the actors with whom Carola is currently rehearsing is a vicious Nazi-sympathizer and Jew-hater. Far too many women show up for the housekeeper's job for which Martin advertises, thus suggesting that



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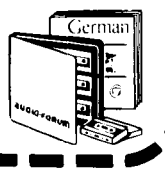

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the country is in a perilous economic crisis. Though this is hardly felt in Martin's hedonistic world, even there a Jewish publisher urges our hero to write escapist plays, so people can forget their worries. But Martin, baptized and happy, doesn't even think of himself as Jewish; perhaps in the Vienna of 1937 the old joke was reversed: when you're in love, the whole world is Aryan.

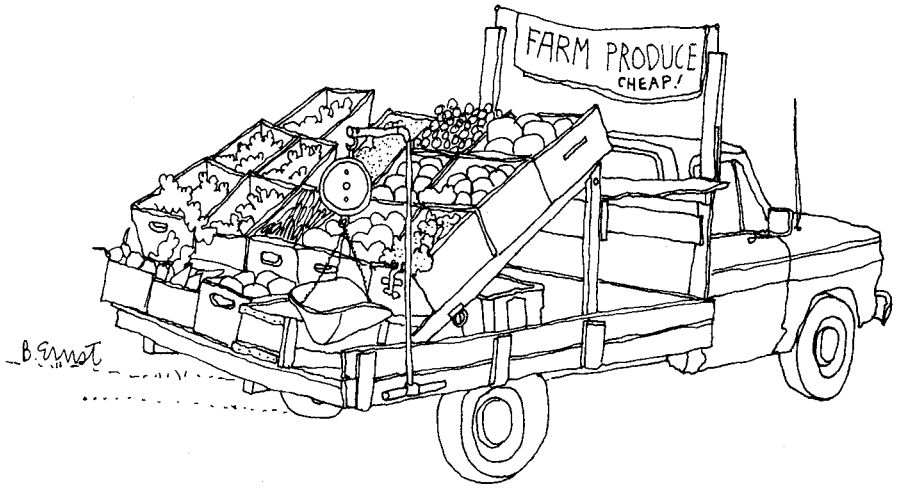
Carola goes to Berlin and has unpleasant first-hand experiences of what things are like there. By twitting the Nazis who try to woo her into becoming a German stage and screen star, and by speaking contemptuously of them to her lover over the telephone, she gets into trouble that the movie discreetly does not spell out. Meanwhile, Martin, who has taken the train to join her in Berlin, has been stopped at the border by a judicious stratagem of his editor-friend Toni, who, though not Jewish, is the most farsighted of the group and keeps urging Martin and Carola to emigrate to America. They don't, and love and hope continue against hope.

Frau Schostal, the new housekeeper, is a decent woman whose husband, an old-time nonviolent Red, is doing time as a political prisoner while their son, to his mother's disgust, is growing up to be a Nazi. Frau Schostal is one of several interesting characters whom the novel doubtless treats in greater detail, but who, even foreshortened for the film, pungently enhance the thickening atmosphere and schizoid moods of the times. Particularly telling are the vignettes from the theatrical and cinematic life of the period.

So we get Carola's growing frustration as she is making a movie in which, in feeble imitation of Ginger and Fred, she and her partner perform a mediocre, derivative dance routine. It keeps being reshot in pursuit of a perfection especially otiose when you consider that what they are dancing on only looks like a polished floor but is, as Carola realizes, a volcano. And when, at the theater, she is rehearsing Schiller's *Love and Intrigue* with an old-fashioned, unbending director, she rebels at his concern for every comma in the right place but lack of interest in letting the play comment on the world in turmoil around them. Too bad that we don't see more of Martin's life, though we do get the first flare-ups of anti-Semitism around him. They obtrude with a sneaky gradualness that is almost as unsettling for the viewer as for the victim.

There is one serious problem with the film, though: neither of the two supposedly charismatic principals is quite winning enough. Tobias Engel acts Martin more than competently, but he lacks personal appeal; as Carola, Sunnyi Melles is equally unimpressive as woman and actress. In fact, with her bleached hair, undistinguished features, and unflattering period hairdo, she looks downright common. Neither performer can fully convey consuming passion, though Engel comes closer. When you notice that he does not suggest a brilliant playwright and that Miss Melles has no star quality, you realize that the film's center, like the world's in 1938, cannot hold.

But much else about the film is right, and, finally, what matters is the sweeping sense of overconfidence combining with natural inertia to convey Austrian ostrichiness with a pervasive melancholy that speaks to all people faced with numbingly difficult choices. The details here are terrible enough, but the whole is greater than their sum: history as a vehicle driven by dangerous maniacs at increasing speed toward the abyss, while improvident or impotent passengers cannot bring themselves to jump off when the going is still slow enough.



AND SPEAKING of slow going, rarely has one seen so much slowness and so little going as in *Wings of Desire*, an obnoxious movie concocted by the trendy German director Wim Wenders from a screenplay by himself and the even trendier Peter Handke. Handke, the Austrian playwright and novelist, is curiously uneven and vastly overrated. At his best, as when he writes a substantially factual memoir of how his mother ended up a suicide, Handke can write arrestingly, the self-consciousness of his style and the self-servingness of his all-round condescension kept pretty much at bay. But at his worst—and film always brings it out in him—his humorless wit and smugly exhibitionist detail-mongering that ignores larger realities become insufferable. As for Wenders, after a couple of small, rather engagingly dishevelled and obliquely affecting road movies, he has turned to ever bigger, figuratively or literally American films, which have landed him in Handkean pretentiousness.

Here the attempt is to create something part fable, part poetic and cinematic avant-gardism, part slaphappy improvisation—with a predictably untidy result. Two angels, Damiel and Cassiel, come to Berlin, hover about, observe without becoming visible (though sometimes dimly felt by people), until Damiel relinquishes his angelism to partake fully of humanity—more specifically, to become involved with Marion, a dull and unattractive trapeze artist of whom he is enamored. As the human scene is depicted here, it is only minimally preferable to the angelic one, which appears to be the ultimate in pointlessness and boredom.

Wenders, with the help of the veteran cameraman Henri Alekan, uses every conceivable cinematic trick—in particular irritating changes from black and white to greenish monochrome to full color—while the soundtrack alternates between mundane dialogues and existential-metaphysical monologues of several kinds, the worst of them obsessively refrain-riddled evocations of childhood by Damiel, who seems to

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be suffering from an advanced Rilke complex.

Peter Falk is on hand playing himself—an American actor making a stupid movie about the collapse of Nazi Germany—and most of his random conversations and voiceover soliloquizings have the awful feel of inept improvisation. We get everything from a travelogue through the seedier parts of Berlin to much milling around the Wall and the desert that once was the Potsdamer Platz. There is the good old German actor Curt Bois pretending to be Homer, the paradigmatic storyteller, uttering condign platitudes, and there are long, dull circus sequences for Marion to dangle from ropes, and garish punk-rock-concert sequences in which Damiel, deliquescently played by Bruno Ganz, can blissfully lap up the joys of being human, if that is what Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds and their fans are.

Much the worst, however, with the possible exception of the angels' rat-tail hairdos, are the endless voiceover poetasterings, with the perennial refrain, "When the child was a child . . ." leading into contrasts between the child as child and the child turned adult. On the evidence of this 130-minute mess, there are at least two adults who have succeeded in perfectly perpetuating their childishness on celluloid. □

THE GIMLET EYE

BITCHING ONCE MORE

D. Keith Mano

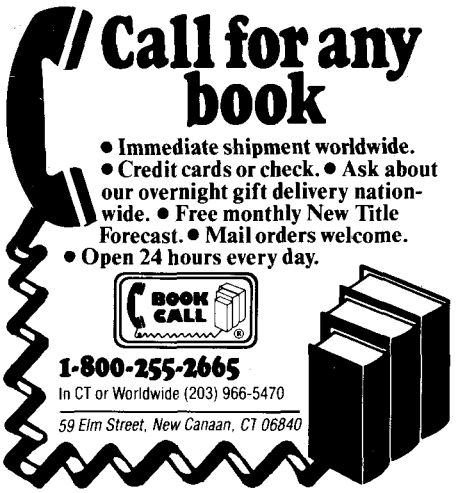
THAT TIME of year again. The physics of chaos has taken over. It is time to complain.

Things that have irked me so far in 1988:

Language. "No problem" (this phrase has become the one rhetorical effect in the English of half our immigrant workforce. Implication is that they have been sorely inconvenienced, but are too cordial to tell you about it). "Mainstreaming" and "career track" and "fortey" for "forte." People who say "thou" instead of "thousand" (as though they were tutoyering their money). The dreadful sentence, "Let me see if I can transfer you" (followed by a dial tone). The even more dreadful sentence, "You may experience some discomfort" (meaning you'll need heroin to get through tomorrow). "Pre-owned Mercedes" (no Mercedes is ever second-hand). DRIVER ALLERGIC (you'd think there wasn't one healthy cab driver in New York). And the *NYT* Double Crostic, which has only a left-wing solution.

I remember those good old days. When shoe salesmen would lace me up (now they stare, as if I were wearing press-on toenails). When a gas-station attendant would do my windshield. Before radicchio and arugula salad. When stewardesses were young and attractive (they appear to have aged along with me—at that rate, I figure, they'll develop dowager's hump soon). When people worked for what they got (now even hawks soar on welfare—waiting for some motorist to hit a rabbit). When people had real Rolex watches. When you could buy a paperback book (not just hardbacks with softcovers).

A few things I'd rather do without. African art (all of which is about as exciting as black plastic mulch). That brow gook which inevitably settles on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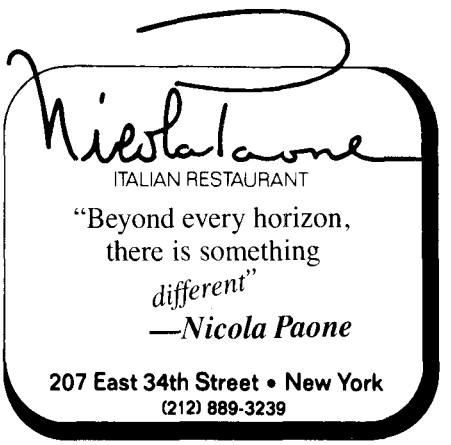

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my eyeglass lens. The no-steal coat-hanger. Painting on black velvet. The human ear. Eurobath (what amazing huckster sold that useless gism to every motel in America?). White on white subtitles. Fleas on a black cat. Any Australian accent. The paperclip that, when picked up, will bring with it a steel rosary of 15 other clips. Getting butane into my lighter (I shoot hoarfrost all over the table). My Walkman earphone wire (which catches half-hourly on a chair arm, handing me whiplash). Felt-tip-pen screech. And Polaroid photos that produce orange eyeball glow, so you look like someone from *The Village of the Damned.*

Answer these if you can. Is ransom for a kidnapped relative tax-deductible? When remembering past events, do you visualize the scene from inside your head—or do you, as I do, see yourself as some observer would? Why? Is it acceptable, in Jewish law, to wear a yarmulke *under* your toupee? If you found the decapitated head of someone dear, how would you pick it up?

Little tyrannies. The plastic-supermarket-shopping-bag invasion. (You can't junk them—they *might* be useful some day—but they're too small for garbage and too déclassé to carry your lunch in.) Mysterious old keys (I have five on my ring—and no idea which lock each might open—but they intimidate me and I'm incapable of throwing them away). Aaaargh, magazines. (Yes, you thought that subscription was a good deal—now they come like your rent, too soon, too often. You can't put off reading them, the way you've put off reading *Doctor Thorne* since 1963—after all, there is nothing more absurd than year-old *Time* magazines. So your entire intellectual life has clotted like cheese in a left-over fondue.)

Bad manners. People who say, "Oh, sure" and "Hey, you're right" before I've gotten halfway through my first sentence (they'll agree with anything, so long as they don't have to listen and find out what it is they've agreed with). Someone (maybe the same person) who won't take his Walkman headset off while talking. Facelifts (Frank Langella told me of this friend who underwent so many he had to shave his forehead). People who remove your Christmas wrap like it was overpainting on a Breughel, so they can re-use it next year for their present to you. Bartenders who toss me my bottle of Bud and say, "Need a glass?" (as though anyone who didn't suck the neck were effete). People (usually liberal) who ask for chopsticks. Those who invite you to the birth of their child (known as a placenta party). Guests who close your bathroom door after they use it. (Lord, you think, what'd they do in there?) People who go "tsk-tsk" beside me when the auto-teller says, "Insufficient cash." Joe Christian, who has been holding that JOHN 3:16 sign up behind each golf course and goal post televised in America. *Anybody* with Call Waiting (which means: just hold a minute, there may be someone more important on my line. I just hang up while they're switching).

Misinformation. The myth (foisted on us by TV) that old people are jolly. The myth that a champagne cork should pop (popping will murder sparkle). AIDS posters on my subway-station platform. These invariably depict men and women in bed—each with a thought balloon overhead saying, "Gee, I hope he/she doesn't have AIDS." Unless he works Tenth Avenue as a transvestite hooker, he doesn't. Gay people want recognition except in the one area where they've really earned it.

Time's winged-chariot department. I'm 46. Once, at 18, I made a vow to read every book of significance ever published. Now I'm no longer sure I'll make it. So I've decided to forgo reading Randall Jarrell. Gotta draw the line someplace. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Newspaper Row: Journalism in the Pre-Television Era, by Herbert A. Kenny (Globe Pequot Press, 236 pp., $16.95)

WESTBROOK PEGLER called it "The Era of Wonderful Nonsense," those late-nineteenth-, early-to-mid-twentieth-century years when news coverage was more Front Page than Evening News. Radio and TV were still in the future, the telephone just coming into use. In Boston, most newspapers were concentrated on Water and Washington Streets, Boston's famous Newspaper Row, and competition for circulation was fierce. The unofficial hero of Herbert Kenny's light-hearted, wry, affectionate story of the antics of some very improper Bostonians is Edwin Atkins Grozier, a veteran of Joseph Pulitzer's school of yellow journalism, who took over the failing *Boston Post* in 1891 and built its circulation to 600,000—tops in the city. Grozier had Boston palpitating over what he would do next: Send a naked man into the Maine forests for sixty days? Beat police divers to the missing head of Miss Susan Geary,

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which the *Post* had reason to believe was at the bottom of Boston Harbor? Unmask that astonishing swindler, Charles Ponzi? (That story won the *Post* a Pulitzer.) Or send, to any reader who asked for it, a photograph of the *Post*'s late cat, Hindy? (112,000 wrote in.) Like the trained newspaperman he is, Mr. Kenny cuts neatly to the point. As mayor, he writes, James Michael Curley "was energetic, visionary, exciting, amusing, and expensive." Despite the corruption of patrolman Oliver Garrett, who headed Boston's liquor squad during Prohibition, Kenny points out that "while Garrett was in charge no one ever died or went blind from bad booze. If anyone did, it was the result of sheer carelessness." (A *Post* reporter eventually tripped Garrett up over a penny-ante pension claim.) Boston's Newspaper Row is no more; most of the papers Kenny writes about, including the *Post*, are gone, as are the overworked, underpaid, rumple-clothed reporters, editors, and rewrite men of that era. They come to life again in *Newspaper Row*, a fitting obituary. Edward Grozier would have gotten a kick from the way Herbert Kenny, one-time of the *Boston Post*, covered this beat. PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

SCHWARTZ

(Continued from page 40)

stances were unusual—three out of four high-school girls were reportedly already sexually active. More significantly, the average age of first intercourse was seven months later among the study group than among the control group. Postponement of sexual activity was not a program objective and the directors could offer no theory as to why it occurred, but it is obviously the reason for the lower pregnancy rate. Far from demonstrating the success of a contraceptive strategy, the Baltimore study suggests that the best way to reduce unmarried teen pregnancies is to encourage abstinence.

Perhaps the best summary of the evidence was given in March of this year by Douglas Kirby, research director of CPO, at the National Family Protection and Reproductive Health Association Conference. According to Kirby, preliminary findings of a nationwide CPO study of the effects of school-based clinics show, "basically, that there . . . is no measurable impact upon the use of birth control or upon pregnancy rates or birthrates."

The most surprising opposition to school-based clinics has come from teens themselves. Planned Parenthood commissioned a Harris poll of one thousand teenagers ages 12 to 17. Three out of four of the respondents were virgins. Seventy-nine per cent say most of their peers start having sex too soon; and 61 per cent identify social pressure as the main reason why. Those who have participated in sex-education courses emphasizing birth control and abortion are significantly more likely than their peers to have had sexual intercourse. And by a margin of 8 to 1 they reject school-based clinics.

When asked, "Do you think that clinics where contraceptives can be obtained should be located inside schools, or located close to schools, or located somewhere else?" only 12 per cent said "inside schools" and only 28 per cent said "close to schools." Six out of ten students didn't want clinics anywhere near their schools.

The art in public relations lies in making silk purses out of such sows' ears. When the poll was reported in the *New York Times*, it carried the headline, "Harris Poll Reports Teenagers Favor Contraception at Clinics." Dr. Michael Kagay, chief analyst for the survey, explained that the reason students wanted the clinics away from their schools was concern over confidentiality. A more likely explanation, based on the poll data, is that students fear that clinics would increase pressure on them to become sexually active.

Colleen Kelly Mast, who developed the chastity-education curriculum Sex Respect, draws a parallel between drug- and pregnancy-prevention programs for teenagers. In both cases, the most effective approach is "Just say no." "If we dealt with teen drug abuse the way we deal with teen sex abuse, we would have a whole generation of addicts," argues Mast. "The way we try to help young people deal with drugs is to explain to them how drugs can hurt them, so they can make their own decisions to say no, and then to support that decision by teaching them the skills of saying no. The same basic approach works for dealing with teen sex."

What happens when a birth-control clinic goes into a school? Apparently, its presence encourages more students to become sexually active, creating a larger pool of students at risk for pregnancy. This cancels out the effect of more regular contraception, keeping pregnancy rates the same. More girls will be counseled into abortion, however, so the number of live births will probably decline.

This outcome doesn't necessarily bother clinic proponents. Chicago's DuSable High School clinic was considered a showcase project until neighborhood residents filed a suit to shut it down. Asked how successful the program had been, the clinic's director confessed to a live radio audience that it hadn't kept any statistics on pregnancy. Which tends to confirm the suspicion that some clinic advocates are more interested in sexual liberation than pregnancy prevention. "An implicit assumption in all our approaches is the reality that many teenagers will choose to have sexual intercourse," wrote Planned Parenthood president Fay Wattleton in 1986. "The right to say yes to sex, and to be protected from unintended pregnancy, is as important as the right to say no." Even, apparently, when you are 14 years old. □

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G. GRAYSON:

Missed Chances

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THE MEESE PROBLEM

NEW YORK, MAY 16

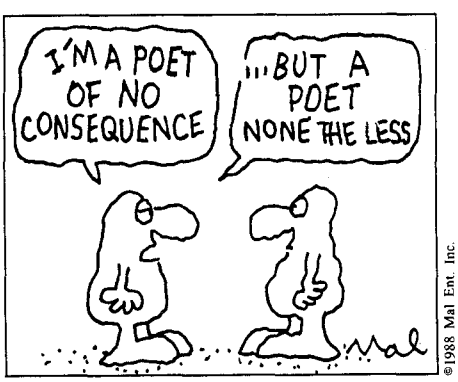
ED MEESE'S problems trace to blurred definitions. There are those who hold that he is guilty of unethical practices. There are those who hold that his continuation as Attorney General is a political liability for the Republican Party. The two entirely different propositions become intertwined, and Mr. Meese (and others) end up by saying that the resignation of Meese represents public acquiescence in the charge that he is guilty of unethical practices.

Consider—the hypothetical figure is easy enough to imagine—Mr. Sylvester, who is appointed, let us say, to be a judge in the court of appeals. Mr. Sylvester, his friends know, was born immaculate on the subject of racial prejudice. In his entire life he has never even animadverted on Zulus, let alone on American blacks. But when he was 21, he took out individual membership in the family country club because Sylvester, who spends most of his time in his office and in the library, is a golfer, and in any case, his children will want a place to spend their time. And lo, after his nomination investigators discover that there are no blacks who are members of Sylvester's golf club, and a great big stink ensues.

There are two species of people in the world. One is innately suspicious of everything and everybody, another is informal in manner. To suppose that the first is more conscientious or more refined than the second in respect of ethical distinctions simply is not the case. On the other hand, to suppose that the latter won't get into vexatious troubles is to guess wrong, as witness the matter of Edwin Meese. I posit in this case that he is absolutely ignorant of malfeasance. I do this as a matter of character judgment. But in doing so I do not deny an informality of manner, as I call it. Perhaps because I myself do not spend time reading financial reports or checking into the activities of my associates and once ran into heavy weather on this account with the Securities and Exchange Commission, I understand such as Mr. Meese to whom it would not occur to say to a potential employer of his wife, "Are you by any chance engaged in soliciting the patronage of the Justice Department in any connection?" As an author, it would never occur to me to wonder whether a favorable review given to one of my books was motivated by the reviewer's intention to submit an article for publication in my magazine.

But to say all of this is not to confront the question whether a presumption, if not of guilt then of disqualification to serve, does not arise in the public mind. Ed Meese suffers from that blur I speak of. He feels that his honor requires him to stay in his job, that the alternative—resignation—would have the effect of confirming suspicions lodged against him. The problem of Mr. Reagan is to confront the political hay that can be made out of Meese's continuation in office, at the expense of George Bush. In a public exchange with George McGovern recently, McGovern made much of Meese's vulnerabilities and cited triumphantly that one hundred people working in government have been indicted during the Reagan Administration. My answer was straightforward, namely that we should be grateful to the Reagan Administration for discovering the guilt of one hundred Reagan appointees, that one had no reason to doubt that among the three million people who work for the executive branch there must be at least one hundred times one hundred who are corrupt and undetected; and that if the same diligence had been shown in preceding Administrations in going after corrupt personnel, maybe Lyndon Johnson himself would have been indicted, as, in the existing situation, Speaker Jim Wright continues in office with the most under-examined personal vulnerabilities of any senior public official in decades.

The question came up 15 months ago when Admiral Poindexter was in effect dismissed by the President from his role as National Security Advisor. It must remain clear in the mind of Mr. Meese, who figured in the episode, that the sudden replacement of Admiral Poindexter had the effect on public opinion of suggesting that he was guilty of something or other. Over a year later, asked his opinion of Poindexter and North, Mr. Reagan volunteered his faith in the innocence of both men. An alternative, back in November 1986, might have been to hang on to Poindexter as National Security Advisor in order to defend with the original actor, to the extent it was defensible, the Iran-hostage deal. His discharge created a higher mountain for Poindexter to climb. No doubt Meese feels the same way. And now needs to weigh conflicting priorities. Already Dukakis has said that he plans to make Meese an objective of his campaign. Mr. Meese should give his dilemma a public airing. □



THE PROBLEMS OF RHETORICAL SUMMITRY

NEW YORK, MAY 16

ALTHOUGH a White House representative was quick to tell the press that Ronald Reagan's posy to Gorbachev was unrelated to the forthcoming Summit conference, the headlines were unambiguous: REAGAN CREDITS GORBACHEV ON HUMAN RIGHTS. An unidentified spokesman for the Administration quickly supplanted the interpretation of the first spokesman to say that, indeed, the speech had been a "conscious attempt" to strike a conciliatory note in advance of the Summit, and it can't reasonably be supposed that the President had any other purpose in mind. Just two weeks ago Reagan accused the Soviets of trying to "prop up their discredited, doomed puppet regime" in Kabul despite Soviet agreement to withdraw its troops from Afghanistan. That speech had brought forth from Gorbachev thunderous denunciations of the usual sort.

The diplomatic world winces when occasionally reminded of Mr. Reagan's rhetoric on the subject of Soviet domestic practices in the field of human rights. Two weeks ago, in a public forum at Texas A & M, a former British prime minister was asked how he could account for the poll published six months ago revealing that the majority of Britons deemed Reagan a greater threat to the peace of the world

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than Gorbachev. He replied that of course it was untrue that Reagan threatened the peace of the world, but that many Europeans were still traumatized "by the President's reference to the Soviet Union's 'evil empire' a few years ago." Ten minutes after tendering his explanation for British resentment of Reagan's rhetorical excess, in answer to another question asking what should be the goal of the West in its treatment of the Soviet government, Lord Callaghan ventured that the primary Western concern should be not only with peace, but with human rights. "We have got to tell the Soviet government that we cannot consider it to be civilized until it grants human rights to its citizens."

A participant in the forum observed that Lord Callaghan was evidently attempting to formulate something between an "evil empire" and an uncivilized empire. The audience was left to weigh the difference between "evil" and uncivilized. An African tribe given, say, to random genocide and wholesale slaughter like Idi Amin's would be (check one, but not both), 1) "evil," or 2) uncivilized. Hard concentration on the difference between the two propels us to eristic verbal invention. One might say that the Indians who in the eighteenth century insisted on burning the live widow in the course of interring the dead husband were uncivilized—i.e., they did not know better. But the Soviet government is not readily likened to those who are uncivilized as a result of cultural ignorance. The Soviet government is the heir of a body of humane literature merely suggested by the names of Gogol, Dostoyevsky, and Tolstoi. The Soviet government signed the Helsinki Accords, which promised to enforce those rights the Soviet government ratified in 1973 when it ratified the United Nations Declaration on Human Rights, which reratified rights guaranteed under the Soviet constitution of 1936. The gentlemen who preside over the Soviet government are not ignorant of the Ten Commandments or of the work of the Biblical prophets, of Locke, Blackstone, and Mill. The Soviet government is barbarous because it chooses to be barbarous.

All of which is intensely relevant to the conduct of international relations, in part because we desire freedom for Soviet citizens, in part because the energizing animus of American foreign policy requires that we focus on Soviet practices, rather than on Soviet conceits. The Soviet government is a credible threat to the American way of life only for so long as we understand the searing differences between life there, and life over here.

None of this disputes Mr. Reagan's cautious commendations of the slight improvements in Soviet life under Gorbachev. But to encourage the illusion that a year or two of *glasnost* and *perestroika* alter the basic recognition of the Soviet Union as a totalitarian society is to pour sand into the eyes of the West. The West does poorly enough in its foreign policy when our eyes are fully open, as they were when the Soviet Union declared martial law in Poland, invaded Afghanistan, where it killed over one million people, and subsidized the Hitlerian policies of Fidel Castro and Pol Pot. Mr. Reagan must not go to Moscow ready to stress the showcasing of *glasnost* by a government (evil? uncivilized?) that disposes of five hundred million times the explosive power of the bomb that went off over Hiroshima, aimed at—us. □

EARTHBOGGED

NEW YORK, MAY 11

AT THE annual meeting of the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics in Washington last week you felt the mix of pride and despair. The exhibit rooms were crowded with sketches of the future in space, a space dominated by American instruments. But there was the sense of the window-shopper. Most of what the visitor saw was not yet built, or even scheduled. Meanwhile, the Russians are plodding along, contriving and executing feats of space wizardry that their poor cousins in America only dream about. It seemed hard to recall the day when we landed on the moon and it was generally accepted that the colonization of space was the manifest destiny of the United States.

The visitor stared at a miniature facsimile of the fatal Challenger. "Do they yet know for sure what caused it to—explode?" "Oh yes. We knew that almost immediately. Within a week or two."

That was surprising, but it turned out that what brought the Challenger down was exactly what had been conjectured the very day of its destruction. It was too cold. The rings separating the compartments were frozen, and as the huge bus worked its way straining and groaning to achieve glide altitude, its hull worked, but could not absorb the little twists and turns required. If the temperature had been ten or 15 degrees warmer, it wouldn't have had any difficulty whatever.

What would the Russians have done in such circumstances? the visitor asked. The scientist smiled. "The Russians would have been up with the same Challenger two weeks later. They'd just have waited until the weather warmed up a bit."

What we have done is substantially to remodel the Challenger, imposing on it every species of life-protecting device imaginable. "Does that include an ejection capsule?" The answer to that question is not simple. There are means by which astronauts can seek to escape a defective missile launch, but technicians have not been able absolutely to ascertain at what moment the astronauts aboard the fated Challenger were disabled. "It's entirely possible that one or more of them were alive when they hit the water." That grisly thought is leavened by the knowledge that their death contributed to the thought given to the amount of time an astronaut would have before triggering the escape mechanism.

"But you know," the scientist said, "what happens in these circumstances is that you get a book of specifications that the succeeding model will need to adhere to. Now I am not exaggerating when I tell you that no one reads all those specifications. No one can read them all." How then are they made up? "They are an accumulation. Everything Committee A has ever written or said is there, plus everything written by Committee B, plus the life work of Committee C—and by the time you get to the end of the line, you have a volume no man can carry, let alone read and act on."

What happens then?

"What happens is that if whoever passes on your model is in a mood to get you, he knows very well he can reach into that book of specifications and find something that doesn't fit. But even if everything did fit, you don't have a guarantee that there won't be another life lost."

WILLIAM J. BROAD of the *New York Times* recently listed the projects outlined by the Reagan Administration for space, and commented ruefully on their progress. Alex Roland, a former NASA historian now at Duke University, was quoted. "All of the Reagan projects are in jeopardy: first, because of lack of consistent, compelling vision, and second, because of the failure to shepherd them through the bureaucracy and Congress." As recently as 1986, Mr. Reagan was talking about the new "Orient Express," which would "take off from Dulles Airport and accelerate up to 25 times the speed of sound, attaining low earth orbit or flying to Tokyo within two hours." Well, the prototype of that express has been postponed to 1995. Our space station, envisioned as an $8-billion venture, is now thought to come in at $32 billion (if ever) and to be completed in 1997.

And the principal casualty is the Strategic Defense Initiative. They speak of deploying it in its earliest form in 1997. And Congress balks over the money spent. It's easiest to blame the Challenger for the demoralization of our space program, but probably 1971 was the critical year. It was then that Congress decided against completing work on a supersonic transport (our Concord). We found ourselves in those confusing years looking out into space and retreating. The results of that retreat could be devastating. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Vila is its capital (2 words) — 35 150 175 86 47 185 162 105 55 5 / 75

B. Eastern U.S. mountains — 123 171 23 114 96 42 169 2 193

C. Charles Lamb used one (3 words) — 78 60 156 44 8 165 192 22 146 195

D. Blameworthy — 14 134 61 147 184 30 113 43

E. Like a child — 101 133 116 174 70 21 189 37

F. Murderous — 41 199 142 69 4 131 121 111 52

G. Visible — 54 145 82 179 18 124 99

H. Ignore — 166 63 191 51 31 95 140 9

I. Stevenson's running mate — 178 163 58 45 128 88 27 73

J. Wednesday, on Thursday — 126 117 11 190 177 56 20 38 161

K. Magnifies — 157 93 159 181 13 33 84 135

L. British essayist (1672-1729) — 200 59 176 15 188 91

M. Conquer — 108 79 137 115 29 12 186 153

N. Apathetic — 132 46 170 1 139 49 77 68 183 19 / 148

O. Bouncy plant? (2 words) — 196 74 100 90 130 26 158 141 64 104

P. Certain Japanese girl — 97 149 62 164 83 172

Q. Midwestern state — 109 122 168 32 87 151 57

R. Wicked — 167 7 25 136 65 197 102 39 118

S. *Shoe part* — 155 106 129 152 89 28

T. Once-popular fireproofing material — 16 194 112 92 173 53 24 76

U. Jotting — 103 198 80 34 3 120 187 66

V. One kind of printing — 127 48 71 36 144 154

W. Sequoia — 182 125 138 6 50 67 94

X. Laughing sound — 119 107 180 17 81 98

Y. The best kind of policy — 143 72 40 160 10 110 85

1 N	2 B		3 U	4 F	5 A		6 W	7 R	8 C	9 H	10 Y		11 J	12 M	13 K	14 D	15 L		16 T		17 X
18 G	19 N	20 J	21 E	22 C	23 B		24 T	25 R		26 O	27 I	28 S	29 M	30 D	31 H	32 Q	33 K	34 U	35 A	36 V	
37 E	38 J	39 R	40 Y	41 F	42 B	43 D	44 C		45 I	46 N		47 A	48 V	49 N	50 W	51 H	52 F		53 T	54 G	
55 A	56 J	57 Q	58 I	59 L		60 C	61 D	62 P	63 H	64 O	65 R		66 U	67 W	68 N	69 F	70 E		71 V	72 Y	73 I
	74 O		75 A		76 T	77 N	78 C	79 M	80 U	81 X		82 G	83 P	84 K	85 Y		86 A	87 Q	88 I	89 S	
90 O	91 L	92 T	93 K		94 W	95 H	96 B	97 P	98 X	99 G		100O	101E		102R	103U	104O		105A	106S	107X
108M	109Q	110Y	111F	112T	113D	114B		115M	116E	117J	118R	119X	120U	121F	122Q		123B	124G	125W		126J
127V	128I		129S	130O	131F	132N	133E	134D	135K		136R	137M	138W		139N	140H	141O		142F	143Y	144V
	145G	146C	147D	148N	149P	150A	151Q	152S	153M		154V	155S	156C	157K		158O	159K	160Y	161J		162A
163I	164P	165C	166H	167R	168Q	169B	170N		171B	172P	173T	174E		175A	176L	177J	178I		179G	180X	
181K	182W	183N		184D	185A	186M	187U	188L	189E	190J	191H	192C	193B		194T	195C	196O	197R	198U	199F	200L

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 58 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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Institute of Business Designers
IBD
and Contract Magazine
Product Design Award
1987 Silver Award

ANTRON PRECEDENT™ NYLON

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Re·cess (Webster): A break from activity for rest or relaxation.
Re·cess (Parliament): A unique filter for extra smooth taste and low tar enjoyment.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

Kings: 9 mg. tar, 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb '85.

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